

# Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for July 4, 1914

The Girl  
at the  
Ad Counter

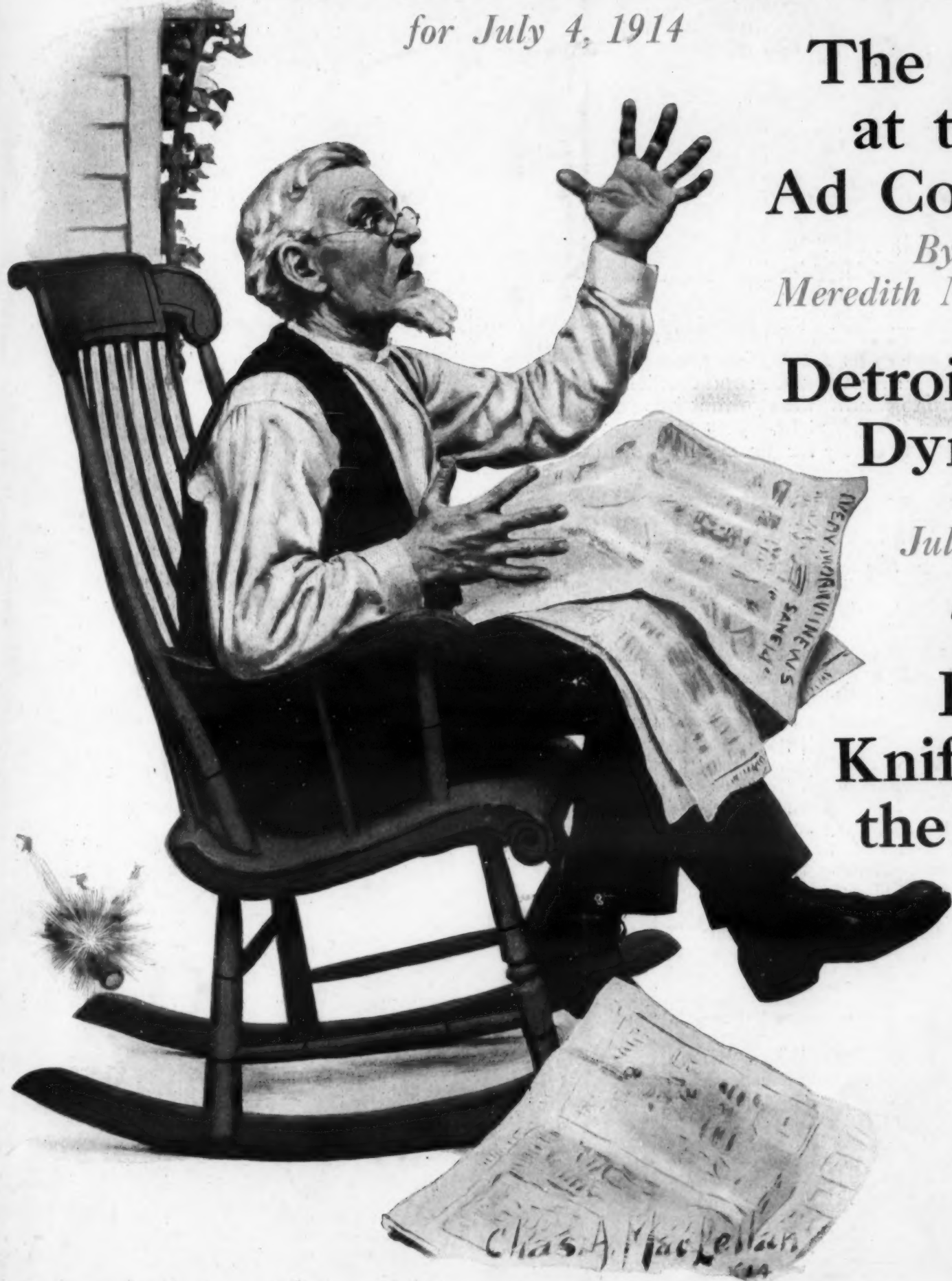
By  
*Meredith Nicholson*

Detroit the  
Dynamic

By  
*Julian Street*

The  
Price  
Knife and  
the Law

By  
*Richard  
Washburn  
Child*



# When We Put It Up to George

**J**ULY Fourth sticks out in this nation's history as the day our great-granddaddies and uncles and cousins put it up to "Kink" George that he wasn't doing the job right. July 4th is particularly a day for Jimmy Pipers and

## PRINCE ALBERT

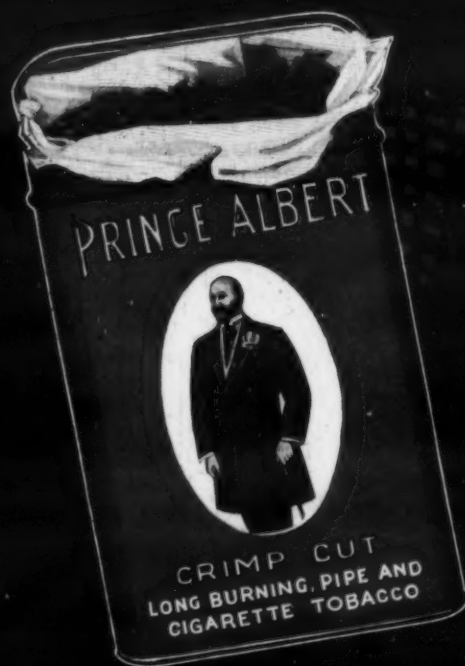
*the national joy smoke*

because it typifies "the spirit of '76" that broke loose when good old P. A. put it up to all the Georges and Harrys and Bills and Dicks, whether they wanted freedom from tongue torture with just the bulliest, sweetest smoke thrown in or whether they'd go on paying tribute to the tongue-crisping brands of pipe food. Did they revolt? Why, they beat it to P. A. so fast and strong that they made tobacco history! Nothing ever like it before, nothing before or since like good old P. A. for Pipe Lovers. Nothing like it for the makin's of home-rolled cigarettes. Prince Albert can't bite the tongue, because of the patented process that took out the bite and made the big tobacco revolution.

*P. A. can be had anywhere the flag flies; toppy red bags for cigarettes, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.*

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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# TIMKEN

## BEARINGS & AXLES

### Know Motor Car Values

To *know* motor-car values you need to know the values of the parts.

Because the motor car is a machine. And its use-service-value depends upon the rightness of its component parts.

No parts are more important to know than the bearings—because they safeguard the other vital moving parts that give “life” to the car.

**Where the Bearings Are:** On the axle spindles in the hubs of all four wheels, in the steering knuckle heads, in the transmission, on the pinion shaft, each side of the differential—these are the hard service places where only the best bearings will stand up to year-after-year use.

**What the Bearings Must Do:** Bearings must reduce friction to almost nothing—all good anti-friction bearings do this. They must sustain the vertical load and the sudden increases in that load that come with rapid travel over rough road surfaces. They must meet severe end-pressure along the line of the shaft, a force that often exceeds vertical load.

Weight of car and passengers or freight pressing down on wheel bearings is a good example of vertical load. “Mass-momentum” of car and contents pressing sidewise against the wheels as you round a corner is a good example of end-thrust. Keep both vertical load and end-thrust in mind as you read further.

**Types of Bearings in Use:** Anti-friction bearings may be divided into two general groups—Ball Bearings and Roller Bearings. These groups may be subdivided thus:

- |               |                 |                        |
|---------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| Ball Bearings |                 | Roller Bearings        |
| 1. Annular    | 2. Cup-and-Cone | 3. Straight 4. Tapered |

The illustrations show an example of each of the four kinds. From the text with the pictures you will note these interesting facts:

(a) A roller carries more direct load in proportion to its diameter than a ball because it carries the load along a line instead of on one or two mere points.

(b) Annular ball bearings have very little capacity for end-thrust, and straight roller bearings none and they cannot be adjusted to take up wear. Hence, they are often used with additional thrust bearings, and when sufficiently worn, both must be replaced with new bearings.

(c) Cup-and-cone ball bearings meet end-thrust to some extent but only at great sacrifice of capacity for vertical load.

(d) Cup-and-cone ball bearings can be adjusted—but this does not restore full efficiency because the slightest wear destroys the proper curvature of the ball race.

(e) Tapered roller bearings have greater capacity for both vertical load and end-thrust. Pressure is distributed over wide surfaces, hence wear is minimized. The slight wear inevitable in any bearing cannot affect the taper of cone, rollers or cup. Therefore, simply moving these parts into slightly closer contact with each other brings cup, rollers and cone into the same relations that existed before the minute wear occurred. This “adjustment” restores the tapered roller bearing to full efficiency.

**The Conclusion is Irresistible:** What's more it is backed by the experience of several hundred thousand motorists with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings at the points of severest service in the great majority of high-grade motor cars.

The story of bearings and axles is told in an interesting, human sort of way in three Timken booklets, one “On Bearings,” another “On Axles,” a third “The Companies Timken Keeps” which tells where Timken Bearings and Axles are located in each model of Timken-equipped pleasure and commercial cars. Write for these three Timken Booklets to Department B-3, either Timken Company. They'll be mailed to you free. No follow-up, no salesman will call. Write today.



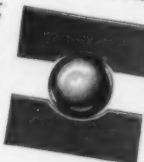
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.  
Canton, Ohio  
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.  
Detroit, Mich.



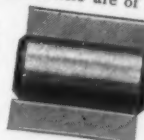
**CUP-AND-CONE BALL BEARING**  
In order to stand occasional end-thrust the cup and cone must be set at an angle which greatly sacrifices the vertical load capacity. It is adjustable but this is really impractical as the slightest wear of the ball race destroys the curvature and the very principle of the bearing.



**ANNULAR BALL BEARING**  
Vertical load capacity sufficient if the bearing is made big enough, but must be much larger than a roller bearing of the same capacity. End-thrust capacity practically none, hence additional thrust bearings are necessary. Not adjustable; must be replaced when wear occurs.



**STRAIGHT ROLLER BEARING**  
Vertical load capacity greater than a ball bearing, where balls and rollers are of same diameter. End-thrust capacity none, requiring additional thrust bearings. Not adjustable; must be replaced when wear occurs.



**TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER BEARING**  
Much greater vertical load capacity than ball bearings. Has an equal capacity for end-thrust on account of the taper of cone, rollers and cup. Is perfectly adjustable—taking up all wear without any sacrifice of its original principles.



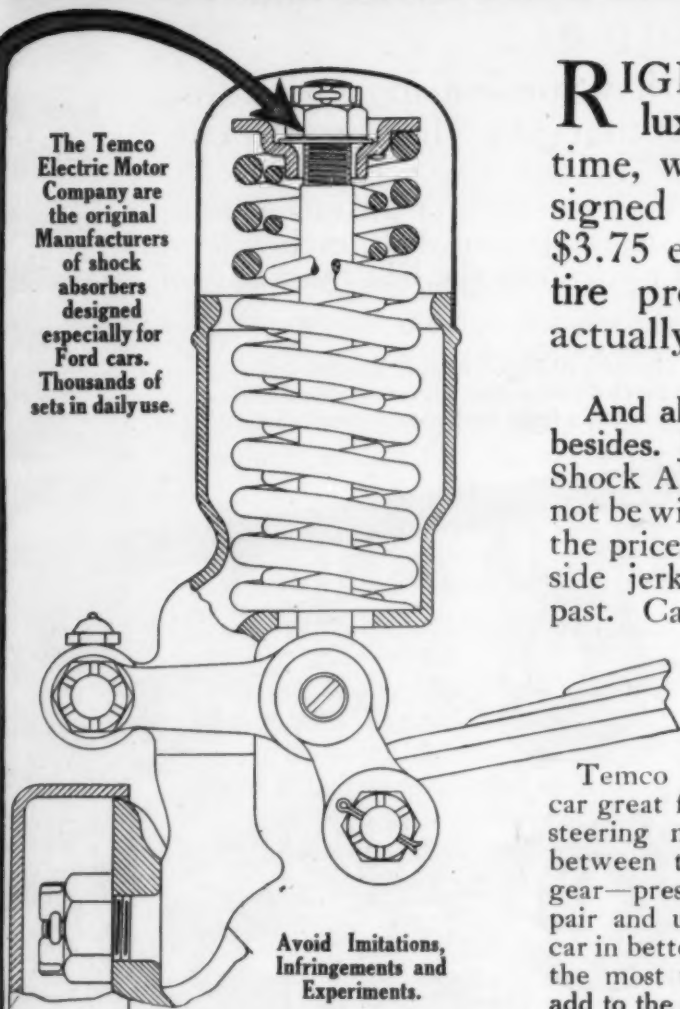
# Ford Owners Ride With Velvety Ease

## Save Your Tires, Your Engine, Your Car With a Full Set of Double Spiral Springs

### TEMCO Shock Absorbers

ONLY  
\$15

The Temco Electric Motor Company are the original Manufacturers of shock absorbers designed especially for Ford cars. Thousands of sets in daily use.



**R**IGHT NOW—make sure of the luxury of riding—anywhere, all the time, with Temco Shock Absorbers, designed and built specially for Ford cars only. Only \$3.75 each—\$15 for the full set of four—and you have tire protection, engine protection, car protection, that actually save the cost in cash many times over.

And all the comfort and luxury besides. Just one trip over Temco Shock Absorbers and you would not be without them at four times the price. The old pitching and side jerking is a thing of the past. Car holds the road. Temco

Shock Absorbers give a gentle up and down swing on the roughest going—take up all the sharp jars of paved streets—make your car ride with the buoyant sensation of a large launch. You rest in your car.

### Complete Set Only \$15

Temco Shock Absorbers give your car great flexibility—actually help the steering mechanism—reduce friction between the motor and the running gear—preserve the alignment—save repair and upkeep expense—keep your car in better condition, thus giving you the most use and the most pleasure—add to the sales value of your car.

All the claims we here make for Temco Shock Absorbers are actual—proved by daily service upon thousands of Ford cars. We will refer you to these owners in all parts of the country. We back every set with our absolute guarantee of complete satisfaction—or your money immediately refunded without question or argument.

## Double Spiral Vanadium Steel Springs

The known quality of high-grade springs proves the standard efficiency of the Temco—long double coil sensitive to the least jar—tough and tested quality to outlast any car. This is a new element in shock absorber construction—based upon scientific mechanical principles—not the product of a "cold blacksmith" or experimenter. The special creation of a master designer whose work has won him great reputation. No friction whatever. Design and construction covered

by our original patents (Sept. 9, 1913) and patents now pending, covering double spiral spring and other improvements as here illustrated in sectional cut. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

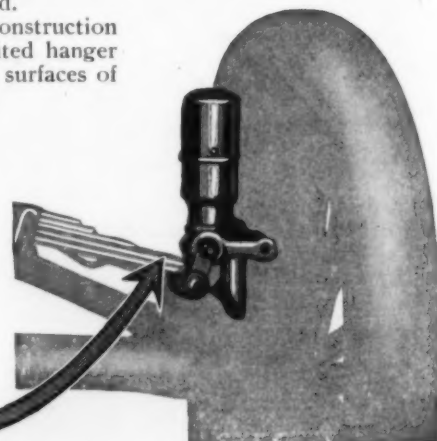
Observe the simplicity of mechanical construction—load is entirely suspended from warranted hanger bolts, yet neither bolts nor springs touch surfaces of polished steel—mud proof—ice proof—dirt proof case.

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Equip your Ford with Temco Shock Absorbers, and learn the possibilities of your car for service and luxury of motion. You can apply them yourself. No changes. No holes to drill. If you cannot get them of your dealer, order direct from us. \$15 prepaid to any address in the U. S. List price in Canada \$20 per set of 4. Canadian Sales Office, Canadian Temco Sales Co., Ingersoll, Ont. Write today for complete information, with illustrated circular free.

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## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post  
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

# The Girl at the Ad Counter

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS KELLY'S other name was Jean. She stood behind the marble-topped counter in the "Advertiser" office every day, receiving small ads, handing out copies of the paper and imparting information. Although two other girls shared these humble duties, it was clear to the most careless observer that Jean transacted rather more than a third of the business. Jean was twenty-two. Her hair and eyes were brown, and her complexion was more to be desired than much fine gold. She couldn't help being the prettiest girl in the business district, but her air of aloofness, the chilly disdain with which she rebuffed familiarity, seemed only to intensify the desire of man to hurl himself upon the rocks imaginably represented by the "Advertiser's" counter. The shaggy foreman emeritus of the composing room, who was so old that he all but remembered Gutenberg, daringly leaned on the counter occasionally to pass the time of day; and the exchange editor was another of the favored, having acquired merit by handing her now and then a copy of the Bellefontaine "Hawkeye." (Jean was from Bellefontaine; but she was not sensitive about it.) Jean had no intention of computing the cost of small "ads" and answering foolish questions all the days of her life. Art beckoned to Jean. At least it seemed to. No other student in the Bellefontaine high school had developed quite her skill in free-hand drawing. She attended a night class at the Art Institute and was saving every dollar she could in the hope of earning leisure for a year's study in New York. Billy Wilkins, who covered police for the "Advertiser," found Jean's presence behind the counter highly disturbing. No one seeing Billy lift his hat as he passed the counter would have suspected that she interested him particularly. Sometimes Jean nodded in return; usually she didn't. Frequently one of the other girls picked up Billy's greeting like a foul tip, but Jean never saw this. Or if she did she betrayed no emotion. Yet Billy called on her at her boarding house; and he had taken her to the dog show that fall, and thrice to the theatre. Now and then Fred Gibbs, who was the "Chronicle's" reliance in affairs pertaining to infractions of the peace and dignity of the commonwealth, visited the "Advertiser" office, ostensibly to call on his friend, the advertising manager. The bitter rivalry between the "Advertiser" and the "Chronicle" made it impolitic for him to visit above stairs; but there was no reason why he shouldn't pass the time of day with Fenway, whose private office lay beyond the polar island where Miss Kelly was immured. Gibbs, like Wilkins, found Jean's appearance wholly satisfying, and he, too, had paid her slight attentions. What Gibbs was to the "Chronicle," Wilkins was to the "Advertiser," but with differences. Billy had none of his rival's jauntiness; he was lean and nervous, and worked harder for his effects. Unlike Gibbs, he was un-

known to the matrons who keep an eye out for presentable young men with a view to filling in dinner lists or making up dancing parties. Mrs. Worthington Adams had passed favorably upon Gibbs's social availability and had advertised her approval by displaying him in a box at the theatre.

Gibbs was inspecting the haberdashery in a window near the "Advertiser" office at five o'clock one sharp evening in December, and caught step with Jean as she emerged and started briskly homeward. He had scored a "beat" that morning that had confirmed him in his exalted seat as the best reporter in town. The "Advertiser" had barely saved itself with a few sticks in an extra. "Well, you cleaned us up this morning," remarked Jean. "It was a mighty good story. Yours?" (She knew it was his!)

"Oh, yes," said Fred in his large, generous fashion. "We all have to take our medicine occasionally; it's all in the day's work. You might be interested to know just how I got on to that story. It was sheer good luck."

Jean said she would like to know. It was flattering to receive the confidence of the day's journalistic hero. "I'm almost persuaded that it's profitable to do more work than you're paid for. I helped out the other day by taking a little case the revenue people had dug up. An old fellow in a shanty boat moored in the river right near the big bridge was making corn whisky under the noses of thousands of people every day. He put up cash ball after his hearing. The police had never heard of him, and, so far as the Federal officers knew, it was his first offense against the revenue laws. I thought the mere arrest and being bound over by the commissioner didn't quite cover the case, so as things were dull I strolled out yesterday evening to see if he was still on his battle-ship. I spoiled a good suit of clothes climbing over a barbed-wire fence to get to the place. Boat frozen tight in the ice. All as dark and quiet as sin. But I screwed my courage to the sticking point, walked aboard, found the door ajar, struck a match and saw Graybill lying there, stabbed to death. Business of being thunderstruck by discovery."

"Excuse these shudders; pray continue," said Jean.

"Of course it wasn't up to me to throw away a big chance like that," said Gibbs, striking the walk with his stick in excess of good feeling.

"I went back to a grocery by the bridge and called the office to ask them to hold a few yards of space. Then I bought a roll of wrapping paper and a handful of candles and went back to the boat and began my story. A strip off a \$20 note was clutched in his hand; it was a bad bill. Tom Hill, the secret service chief, had one that had been sent him from Colorado and he'd shown me its defects. That's how I got that point. Presumably after the murderer had handed Graybill the faked money he regretted it, stabbed him and then



X-46 carried his letter to the front window where the bulletins were hung and opened it. The answer must have been the briefest; he read it at a glance



tore the bill out of his hand and skipped. That was a big card—you couldn't overdo it on a job like that. I searched every corner of the shanty for anything that would serve to identify the dead man or his murderer. I suppose my joyous emotions, as I ground out my yarn there in the icebound house boat, were those of a war correspondent writing an account of a big battle. Rather picturesque?" he queried with his easy laugh.

"There's no doubt that you did a bully story; and the next big thing will be to find the murderer," observed Jean.

"Oh, the secret service men are interested now, on account of that scrap of the bad bill in the dead man's hand; but they confessed to-day that they were stumped."

"It was a clever job clear through, and you have reason to be proud of yourself."

"Thanks, and thanks repeated! I appreciate that—particularly from you, Miss Kelly."

**H**IS voice assumed a tone of tenderness and he held her hand a moment in saying good night at her door. "And I wish there were something I could do to help you along. I realize perfectly that you have no business behind that counter; you deserve better things," Jean laughed, to show that she didn't take this too seriously. "Please don't be sorry for me; I get what I deserve. But I mean to deserve something better than I'm getting."

"That's the stroke that wins!" Gibbs agreed.

It happened to be one of Jean's free nights and after supper she settled herself comfortably to a pen-and-ink assault upon a bust of Grant she had borrowed from the mantel in the boarding-house parlor. She was surprised when her landlady knocked to announce Wilkins. Billy had never called before without giving her warning of his coming. She tripped down the stairs and greeted him cheerfully in the dingy parlor.

"Hello!" she called as she poised an instant in the door. But it was clear that Billy was not in a hailing mood. "Good evening," he said dolefully, as they shook hands.

**H**E REFUSED to take off his ulster, in which he huddled in an uncomfortable chair; it symbolized sackcloth and ashes and she saw that he was indulging himself in that grim mood that makes a luxury of unhappiness.

"If you are worrying yourself sick about getting scooped, I'll tell you right now that I'm sorry. It's too bad; but you're something of a scooper yourself. You've laid out the 'Chronicle' heaps of times."

"They've changed my job," he replied doggedly; "made a shift at the office to-day and pulled me off the police. That's all. Maybe you can get some consolation out of that!" he ended with the first bitterness she had ever heard from him.

"Oh," she answered, "you're too good a man to waste yourself on police anyhow."

"What do you think they've done with me!" he blurted defiantly. "Going to use me as an odd man on meetings; gave me a foreign-mission conference to sit through to-morrow."

"Well, you can do just as picturesque a story on a missionary meeting as you can on a murder. I wouldn't get sore if I were you. It's all right to drop in and tell me about it; but don't let anybody else know you're miffed. We've got to keep a stiff upper lip, Billy."

She had never called him Billy before and he looked at her quickly. His nickname had slipped from her lips naturally, unconsciously.

"I didn't mean to blubber; but it's no joke to fall down that way. I guess I never told you that I handled the State conventions for the New York 'Atlas' last year, and later when they had Gordon, a staff man, out here for the campaign wind-up I hit it off with him pretty well and he offered to put my name in the hat at the 'Atlas' office. Of course I haven't been counting on it, but I'd like to get a foothold in New York. And I'd hoped to be put on the Legislature this winter. The city editor had spoken of it. Good joke—to find police work a preparation for the reporting of our Assembly!"

**H**E SMILED forlornly and rose. He had to interview a missionary, he explained.

"I should think," remarked Jean, standing and resting her hands on the back of a chair, "that this Graybill case still offered opportunities. The man who learns the truth about the murder will score a bigger hit than the man who discovered it."

"I suppose that's so. And of course Gibbs will follow it up."

"But even if he does, there's no reason why you shouldn't work on it. It will be a diversion from the missionaries."

"I'd like to score on that case. It would be a big thing for me. 'I'd like to do it,' he added, 'just to show you I'm not a dead one.'"

"You don't look like a man who's all in," she answered. "Fight off the blue devils, but if they still pursue, bring them up here. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Be sure I will! You've cheered me up a lot. I

suppose," he said ruefully, "I ought to be glad I didn't get fired."

She called him Mr. Wilkins as they shook hands and he went away wondering whether the Billy hadn't been a slip; then he argued himself into believing that it was even nicer as an inadvertence, for that meant that she must have been thinking of him as Billy.

**A** MONTH passed and the Graybill case remained a mystery. One day, during an unusually busy hour, Jean accepted an advertisement which attracted her attention from the fact that it was written in curious script on a bit of smooth paper. Practically all the ads that passed through her hands were scrawled on soft copy paper at the standing desks in the countingroom. This had been prepared in advance and carried to the office. It read:

#### WANTED

*Report from party recently handling article required in every home.*

She wrote "Advertiser" X-46 on the copy and gave the man an identification card. He stipulated that the ad should appear under Agents Wanted. There was no objection to this, as the "Advertiser's" classification rules were flexible. He was a low-spoken person, thirty-five or forty years old, and wore spectacles with unusually thick lenses. The neatness of the copy and the slender white hands of the man interested Jean.

That evening as she was about to pull down the shade in her window she noticed a light in a room directly across the alley from hers. The house was an old residence whose rooms were let to an unstable line of tenants.

As she glanced out for a weather observation the next morning she noticed a change in the window shade opposite. The day before there had been only one shade; now a second had been added halfway down, making it possible for the tenant to admit light above, while screening himself with a darker shade that covered the lower half of the window.

This was none of Jean's affair; but when she ran back to her room after breakfast and looked out again she caught a quick glimpse of her neighbor. His head bobbed for an instant above the screen, and she recognized the pallid, spectacled face of the man who had given her the "Agents Wanted" advertisement. She was quite sure that he hadn't seen her. In transacting his business at the counter it was clear that his curious, protruding eyes were unusually myopic.

Late that afternoon the old foreman stopped at the counter for a word with her.

"Billy Wilkins is mighty sore about that Graybill case; doesn't get it out of his system. And you know the boys are saying hard things about that 'Chronicle' chap who put it over on him."

**J**EAN'S eyes expressed mild surprise and interest. She accepted a "House Wanted" while the foreman waited.

"It's leaked out that Billy had proposed to Gibbs that they visit the house boat together the night Gibbs went alone. Billy thought it would be a good stunt to ask the old fellow up to the Robin Hood Club—you know what it is—a bunch of newspaper boys, artists, and musicians, and they make a point of inviting interesting people to come up for a high jinks. If it hadn't been for Billy, Gibbs wouldn't have gone out there."

Jean tapped the marble counter with her lead pencil

and pondered this. Both Wilkins and Gibbs had talked to her about the murder, and it was significant that neither had spoken of this phase of it. It was like Billy not to mention it. But as for Gibbs...

"Well, that night Billy had to run down a rumor that there was to be a shake-up in the police department, and he telephoned Gibbs he couldn't go. Gibbs said all right he'd wait, as it was only a lark anyhow. Then he sneaked out alone and got the best story any of the papers has had in half a dozen years."

"But even if that's true," said Jean, anxious to be just, "you could hardly expect a man to share a thing like that. It was too big."

"Wrong font! If Billy had got it under those circumstances, he'd have let Gibbs into it all right," said the foreman with emphasis. "Don't think for a minute that Billy's beefing. Atkins was by when Billy proposed it to Gibbs—the three of them were having lunch together—and he's been telling the other boys upstairs."

"That's too bad," murmured Jean. "I didn't think Mr. Gibbs was that kind of a man."

"The boys want Billy to tell the city editor about it, but he won't stand for it—says he'll resign if they squeal," Jean nodded. It was quite like Billy not to play the baby in his misfortunes. Old Bob left her pondering these matters. She could see that there were two sides to the case; and yet the foreman's attitude had influenced her in Billy's favor. And Billy's step, as he passed the counter, had certainly lost its spring. She must find an opportunity for speaking to Billy.

**I**N SORTING the mail three days later Jean had thrust into its proper box a letter addressed "The Advertiser, X-46," in an irregular hand and post-marked Bluffton, Ind. She had scrutinized the envelope carefully. At eleven o'clock the man with the white, delicate hands presented his check.

X-46 carried his letter to the front window where the bulletins were hung and opened it. The answer to his advertisement must have been the briefest, for he read it at a glance and returned it to its envelope. He then looked round casually, thrust the letter into the inside pocket of his coat, and walked back to the counter.

"If you please I'd like copies of the paper for December 14 and 15."

He thanked her for her trouble in finding the papers, and as he counted out the pennies she noted the lines of his face carefully. When he had gone she seized a moment of leisure to make a memorandum sketch of his head on a newspaper wrapper.

Wilkins, who had been in Bluffton reporting a meeting of the State League of Women's Clubs, dropped in at the boarding house that evening. Billy was tired; the affairs of the State League had bored him. The "Chronicle" had sent a woman to report its deliberations, and this was rather rubbing it in.

"Everybody seems to have passed up the Graybill case," suggested Jean carelessly, after his doleful recital of the day's happenings.

**B**ILLY struck his hands together sharply.

"A bunch of those same twenty-dollar bills was let loose in Bluffton yesterday. I picked that up in the hotel. The local police wired here for the secret service men."

"I've been thinking about the Graybill case a good deal, and I've decided that it's up to you to catch



"I suppose my joyous emotions, as I ground out my yarn there in the icebound house boat, were those of a war correspondent writing an account of a big battle"





Jean produced her drawing materials and began a large sketch of the prisoner while Billy fell upon the typewriter greedily. On the way to Hill's he had planned his story so that he wrote as easily as though taking rapid dictation

the murderer and find who's making those bad bills. If you can do that it will take away the reproach of that scoop."

"Some good men are still working on it, but it's a new gang—not the usual case where the Government operatives look through a card catalogue and then go out and pinch the right ones."

"I think," she remarked quietly, "that I have seen the man who's making the bills. In fact, I shouldn't be surprised if he were within a few feet of us now."

"What's the joke? That's too easy to be true."

BILLY listened incredulously while Jean told her story. "I've doped it out this way: Graybill was the confederate of the man next door. Our counterfeiter skipped after the murder—waited a month—it was a month to a day when he came in with that queer want ad. And he had another confederate, who had gone off with a batch of his bills. Naturally, reading in the papers of the murder and of that fragment of bill, he would lie low. There had been an arrangement between them that if it became necessary they would communicate through want ads in newspapers. The envelope was plainly marked Bluffton. I took a good look at it. And he coolly bought copies of the paper that contained the coroner's investigation and the findings of the jury."

"But you'd think that they'd make a long jump for safety. If they were ingenious enough to think of sending letters through newspaper offices, they wouldn't be fooling around this neighborhood."

"We'll have to find a motive for that, too. Suppose there's something around here that they're particularly interested in and that they don't want to abandon entirely." Billy's face lighted.

"That's a good guess; first rate, in fact," he assented. "This man looks as though he wouldn't be stampeded easily. Here's a rough sketch I made of him at the counter," Jean continued, handing him the drawing. "I forgot to say that he spoke like a man of education—an unusual accent—might have been an Englishman."

WILKINS rose, crossed the room, and then stopped abruptly before her, staring at her drawing. "Great Scott! He wouldn't have the nerve to do that!"

"Who wouldn't?"

"Why, Charlie the Canuck! When I first began doing police three years ago a circular letter was sent out by the Canadian Government asking for the arrest of a smooth crook with a long line of aliases who had been a confidence man in Australia, a gentleman thief in England, and a forger in our Eastern States. But it's hardly possible that he's camped here right under our eyes!"

"There's a vacant room in the lodging house. Why not take it?" suggested Jean. "In that way you can study this stranger at leisure. If I prove a bad guesser I'll apologize, and if I'm right it will be lots of fun to have had a hand in it."

"That readjustment of his blinds to give him light while screening the window looks suspicious," said Billy. "And then that letter from Bluffton, the last place where those twenties were passed, is an important link. It's worth getting busy on."

Wilkins paid a week's board and moved into the lodging house, representing himself as an agent. The room of the man who had aroused Jean's suspicions was across the hall from his own. The landlady men-

tioned him as a quiet person, and volunteered the information that he was an artist. This, reduced to terms, seemed to mean that he was engaged in coloring photographs. His name was Redmond, and he worked, she explained, only in the morning when the light was best for his purposes and went out soliciting in the afternoons. This was plausible, and accounted for the extra blind.

For two days Billy failed to catch even a passing glimpse of his neighbor. He got excused from the office on the third day the better to make observations.

He heard nothing until shortly after two o'clock when the door opposite opened softly. He waited an instant, then crept out to the guardrail and saw Redmond disappearing through the front door. Billy grabbed his hat and coat and followed.

Redmond went directly to the post office, passed down the corridor to the mailing windows and dropped in a long blue envelope.

BILLY, feigning to inquire for a letter at the general delivery, saw the tall figure pass through the door into the street. He went back and knocked on the glass front of the canceling desks. A clerk opened the wicket and Billy pointed to the blue envelope, still lying where it had fallen through the chute. "Please hold that just where it is till I bring an inspector. I'll be back in two minutes."

He turned round, bumped into Captain Hill of the secret service and asked him to speak to the clerk who held the wicket open watching their colloquy.

"All right, Billy; I'll attend to it. Go up to my office and wait."

The detective joined him in a moment, saying that he asked a post-office inspector to confiscate the letter. "It will be up here in a minute. What's the game?"

"It's a big thing for you and me both if we land it, Cap. I missed that Graybill case, you know, and they took me off police. Now, I've got a clue that may turn out good, and I need your help. But I want you to promise that I shall have all the time I want to handle the story—if there proves to be one."

"You've always been on the level, Billy, and if you're putting me next to something you shall have the full benefit of it."

"All right, Cap," and Billy told his story.

THE inspector came in and produced the blue envelope, which bore three two-cent stamps. It was addressed in a smooth, regular hand, with symmetrical shadings on certain letters:

George B. Lockwood, Esq.,  
127 Milk Street,  
Terre Haute, Indiana.

The detective bent it in his fingers, holding it close to his ear, then he handed it back to the inspector.

"I want a look inside; open it carefully so we can remail it."

In ten minutes the inspector returned with the envelope, whose flap had been freed by a process that left no telltale traces.

Hill locked the door when the inspector left and then spread out the contents.

Five new, unfolded \$20 bills lay on his desk and with a murmur of delight he bent over them with a magnifying glass.

"Smooth; mighty smooth," he chortled. "Take a look at 'em and then I'll show you something."

Hill opened the safe and pulled out several slightly worn bills, the exact fellows of the new twenties. He then added to the exhibit the right-hand corner of a twenty that matched the intact bills perfectly.

"That's the piece they found on the old chap in the shanty boat. These two are from Colorado and that other bill is one of the three that were passed on the Bluffton merchants. They were originally \$1 bills that have been cleaned off and twenties printed on 'em. The plate's been done by a real engraver."

Wilkins amplified his account of Jean's part in the discovery, and the detective repeated his promise to handle the case in a way to give the reporter the first chance at it.

"Don't worry, Billy; I owe your friend Gibbs one for printing a story I told him in confidence a while back. He said he thought the arrest had been made or he wouldn't have printed it; but that doesn't go. I'll be glad to hand him one."

THE blue envelope traveled toward Terre Haute by due course of mail on the train with one of Hill's men, who had orders to keep Lockwood under observation and await instructions. Hill undertook to watch the lodging house while Wilkins went through the "Advertiser's" files to refresh his memory of the biography of Charlie the Canuck.

Billy told Jean as she was leaving the office that matters were moving satisfactorily. In an hour she telephoned him that the dark shade had disappeared from Redmond's window and he left at once for the lodging house.

As he jumped from the car he ran into Hill.

"Thought it safer for your end of this sketch to bring matters to a head," said the detective. "I've given him a little jar—sent a man to your house a while ago to ask for the gentleman who tints photographs. Of course Redmond hasn't been talking water colors anywhere but to his landlady, so he had a real thrill when he got home and found a customer had asked for him. As soon as he got the news he came out to make a test to see if he was watched. Then he went to that drug store down there and telephoned for an express wagon to come up right away. You'd better leave me and go round to the alley back of the house and keep guard. When you hear the wagon, come out front. There's an auto back there by that doctor's office. It's in charge of my boy. Keep your ear out for the express wagon, and if your friend tries the back gate when his traps leave, nab him. If he comes out front and rides off with the wagon, that will be all right."

In twenty minutes Wilkins, perched on a woodshed in the alley, heard the crunching of wheels as a transfer wagon drew in to the curb. He waited until it drove away and then ran out to the street and saw it turning the corner toward town. When he reached the auto he found Hill impassively smoking a cigar.

"Sent my kid to follow and he's sitting on the tail gate of the wagon. The gent in specs is on the front seat with the driver. If he gets out of my territory with that trunk, I'm a ruined man, Billy. But," he added, as he started the machine, "he ain't going to."

THE wagon reached the railway station and drew up at the baggage room, and a moment later

Wilkins was in line at the ticket window three men behind Redmond, who bought a ticket to Columbus, Ohio, and went back to check his trunk. He then made another test to find out whether he was watched. Strolling through the train shed, he left the station and dived into an alley. As he emerged at the next street Hill's boy, who just then crossed the alley, noticed that he had substituted a fedora hat for his cap, and that his gray overcoat had turned black. He passed unsuspectingly by Hill as the detective stood as though waiting for a street car at the next corner, seemed satisfied that he hadn't been observed, and boarded a car. Hill's boy reappeared, sprinted after the car, and planted himself in the corner of the platform. In a moment Hill and Wilkins were following rapidly in the automobile.

"It's been my guess that there's a 'plant' out by the shanty boat," said Wilkins, who controlled his excitement with difficulty. "There has to be a motive for Redmond's coming back after the murder; there's something he wants."

"Easy, son; he may still be testing; when they're as keen as this chap they don't make any false moves."

As the car turned riverward the presence of the boy on the platform was an assurance that Redmond was still inside. The auto was held back at a discreet distance and stopped a block east of the bridge. Hill bade Wilkins follow the car while he ran the machine into an alley.

"I saw the boy jump," said the reporter when Hill joined him. "Redmond must have got off at the front end of the car."

HILL'S boy crawled through a fence that guarded the steep approach to the bridge and reported that Redmond had left the car, walked down the road some distance, and then dropped over into the bottoms. The detective sent the boy back to the machine.

(Continued on page 28)

# Detroit the Dynamic

## Chapter IV of "Abroad at Home"

### American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

**B**ECAUSE Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit are, in effect, situated upon Lake Erie, and because they are cities of approximately the same size, and because of many other resemblances between them, they always seem to me like three sisters living amicably in three separate houses on the same block.

As I personify them, Buffalo, living at the eastern end of the block, is the smallest sister. She has, I fear, a slight tendency to be anemic. Her husband, who was in the shipping business, is getting old. He has retired and is living in contentment in the old house, sitting all day on the side porch, behind the vines, with his slippers cocked up on the porch rail, smoking cigars and reading his newspapers in peace.

Cleveland is the fat sister. She is very rich, having married into the Rockefeller family. She is placid, satisfied, dogmatically religious, and inclined to platitudes and missionary work. Her house, in the middle of the block, is a mansion of the seventies. It has a cupola and there are iron fences on the roof, as though to keep the birds from falling off. The lawn is decorated with a pair of iron dogs. But there are plans in the old house for a new one.

The first two sisters have a kind of family resemblance which the third does not so fully share. Detroit seems younger than her sisters. Indeed, you might almost mistake her for one of their daughters. The belle of the family, she is married to a young man who is making piles of money in the automobile business—and spending piles, too. Their house, at the western end of the block, is new and charming.

#### Scandalous! And Yet—!

**I** AM half in love with Detroit. I may as well admit it, for you are sure to find me out. She is beautiful—not with the warm, passionate beauty of San Francisco, the austere mountain beauty of Denver, nor the strange, sophisticated, destroying beauty of New York, but with a sweet domestic kind of beauty, like that of a young wife, gay, strong, alert, enthusiastic; a twinkle in her eye, a laugh upon her lips. She has temperament and charm, qualities as rare, as fascinating, and as difficult to define in a city as in a human being.

Do you ask why she is different from her sisters? I was afraid you might ask that. They tell a romantic story. I don't like to repeat gossip, but—They say that, long ago, when her mother lived upon a little farm by the river, there came along a dashing voyageur from France who loved her. Mind you, I vouch for nothing. It is a legend. I do not affirm that it is true. But—*coïla!* There is Detroit. She is different.

If you will consider these three fictitious sisters as figures in a cartoon—a cartoon not devoid of caricature—you will get an impression of my impression of three cities.

They are merely symbols, like the figures of Uncle Sam and John Bull. A symbol is a kind of generalization, and if you disagree with these generalizations of mine (as I think you may, especially if you live in Buffalo or Cleveland), let me remind you that some one has said: "All generalizations are false—including this one." One respect in which my generalization is false is in picturing Detroit as young. As a matter of fact, she is the oldest city of the three, having been settled by the *Sieur de la Mothe* Cadillac in 1701, ninety years before the first white man built his hut where Buffalo now stands, and ninety-five years before the settlement of Cleveland. This is the fact. Yet I hold that there is about Detroit something which expresses ebullient youth, and that Buffalo and Cleveland, if they do not altogether lack the quality of youth, have it in a less degree.

mous, the slogan of the city of Detroit guarantees a little bit too much.

I find the same exuberance in the publications issued by the Detroit Board of Commerce. Having just left the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, I sedulously avoided contact with the Detroit body—one can get an overdose of that kind of thing. But I have several books. One is a magazine called "The Detroit," with the subtitle "Spokesman of Optimism." It is full of news of new hotels and new factories and new athletic clubs and all kinds of expansion. It fairly bursts from its covers with enthusiasm—and with business banalities about Detroit's "onward sweep," her "surging ahead," her "banner year," and her "efficiency." "Bea Booster," it advises, and no one can say that it does not live up to its principles. Indeed, as I look it over, I wonder if I have not done Detroit an injustice in giving to Cleveland the blue ribbon for "boosting." The Detroit Board of Commerce even goes so far in its "boosting" as to "boost" Detroit into seventh place among American cities, while the "World Almanac" (most valuable volume on the one-foot shelf of books I carried on my travels) places Detroit ninth.

Like Cleveland, I find that Detroit is first in the production of a great many things. In fact, the more of these books issued by commercial bodies I read, the more I am amazed at the varied things there are for cities to be first in. It is a miserable city, indeed, which is first in nothing at all. Detroit is first in overalls production, in stoves, varnish, soda, and salt products, automobile accessories, adding machines, shipbuilding on the Great Lakes, pharmaceutical manufactures, aluminum castings, and, above all, in the manufacture of motor cars. And, as the Board of Commerce adds significantly, "That's not all!"

But it is enough.

#### Why Is Success

**T**HE motor-car development in Detroit interested me particularly.

When I asked in Buffalo why Detroit was "surging ahead" so rapidly in comparison with certain other cities, they answered, as I knew they would: "It's the automobile business."

But when I asked why the automobile business should have settled on Detroit as a headquarters instead of some other city (as, for instance, Buffalo), they found it difficult to say. One Buffalonian informed me that Detroit banks had been more liberal than those of other cities in supporting the motor industry in its early days. This was, however, vigorously denied

in Detroit. When I mentioned it to the president of one of the largest automobile companies he laughed.

"Banks don't do business that way," he declared. "The very thing banks do not do is to support new, untried industries. After you have proved that you can make both motor cars and money they'll take care of you. Not before. On the other hand, when the banks get confidence in any one kind of business they very often run to the opposite extreme. That was the way it used to be in the lumber business. Most of the early fortunes of Detroit were made in lumber. The banks got used to the lumber business, so that a few years ago all a man had to do was to print 'Lumber' on his letterhead, write to the banks and get a line of credit. Later, when the automobile business began to boom, the same thing happened over again: the man whose letterhead bore the word 'Automobiles' was taken care of." The implication was that sometimes he was taken care of a little bit too well.

"Then why did Detroit become the automobile center?" I asked.

The question proved good for an hour's discussion among certain learned pundits of the "trade" who were in the president's office at the time I asked it. First, it was concluded, several early motor "bugs"



In midstream passes a continual parade of freighters . . . and in their swell you may see, teetering, all kinds of craft, from proud white yachts to canoes

So far as I recall, Chicago was the first American city to adopt a motto, or, as they call it now, a "slogan."

I remember long ago a rather crude bust of a helmeted Amazon bearing upon her proud chest the words: "I Will!" She was supposed to typify Chicago, and I rather think she did. Cleveland's slogan is the conservative but significant "Sixth City," but Detroit comes out with a youthful shriek of self-satisfaction, declaring that: "In Detroit Life Is Worth Living!" Doesn't that claim reflect the quality of youth? Doesn't it remind you of the little boy who says to the other little boy: "My father can lick your father"? Of course it has the patent-medicine flavor, too; Detroit, by her slogan, is a cure-all. But that is not deliberate. It is exaggeration springing from natural optimism and exuberance. Life is doubtless more worth living in Detroit than in some other cities, but I submit that, so long as Mark Twain's "damned human race" retains those foibles of mind, morals, and body for which it is so justly fa-



happened to live in or near Detroit. Henry Ford lived there. He was always experimenting with "horseless carriages" in the early days and being laughed at for it. Also, a man named Packard built a car at Warren, Ohio. But the first gasoline motor car to achieve what they call an "output" was the funny little one-cylinder Oldsmobile which steered with a tiller and had a curved dash like a sleigh. It is to the Olds Motor Company, which built that car, that a large majority of the automobile manufactories in Detroit trace their origin. Indeed, there are to-day no less than a dozen organizations the heads of which were at one time connected with the original Olds Company. This fifteen-year-old forefather of the automobile business was originally made in Lansing, Mich., but the plant was moved to Detroit, where the market for labor and materials was better. The Packard plant was also moved there, and for the same reasons, plus the fact that the company was being financed by a group of young Detroit men.

### The Delphic Oracle Up to Date

IT WAS not perhaps entirely as an investment that these wealthy young Detroiters first became interested in the building of motor cars. That is to say, I do not think they would have poured money so freely into a scheme to manufacture something else—something less picturesque in its appeal to the sporting instinct and the imagination. The automobile, with its promise, was just the right thing to interest rich young men, and it did interest them, and it has made many of them richer than they were before.

It seems to be an axiom that, if you start a new business anywhere, and it is successful, others will start in the same business beside you. One of the pundits referred me, for example, to Erie, Pa., where life is entirely saturated with engine and boiler ideas simply because the Erie City Iron Works started there and was successful. There are now sixteen engine and boiler companies in Erie, and all of them, I am assured, are there either directly or indirectly because the Erie City Iron Works is there. . . . In other words, we sat in that office and had a very pleasant hour's talk merely to discover that there is truth in the familiar saying about birds of a feather.

When we got that settled and the pundits began to drift away to other plate-glass rooms along the mile, more or less, of corridor devoted to officials' offices, I became interested in a little wooden box which stood upon the president's large flat-top desk. I was told it was a dictagraph. And, of course, not having seen a dictagraph before, and being something of a child, I wished to play with it as I used to play with typewriters and letterpresses in my father's office years ago. And the president of this many-million-dollar corporation, being a kindly man with, of course, absolutely nothing to do but to supply

itinerant scribes with playthings, let me toy with the machine. Sitting at the desk, he pressed a key. Then, without changing his position, he spoke into the air:

"Fred," he said, "there's some one here who wants to ask you a question."

### Behind the Veil, Behind the Veil

THEN the little wooden box began to talk.

"What does he want to ask about?" it said. That put it up to me. I had to think of something to ask. I was conscious of a strange, unpleasant feeling of being hurried—of having to reply quickly before something happened—some breaking of connections.

I leaned toward the machine, but the president waved me back: "Just sit over there where you are."

Then I said: "I am writing articles about Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit. How would you compare them?"

"Well," replied the Fred-in-the-box, "I used to live in Cleveland. I've been here four years and I wouldn't want to go back."

After that we paused. I thought I ought to say something more to the box, but I didn't know just what. "Is that all you want to know?" it asked.

"Yes," I replied hurriedly. "I'm much obliged. That's all I want to know." Of course it really wasn't all—not by any means! But I couldn't bring myself to say so then, so I said the easy, obvious thing, and after that it was too late. Oh, how many things there are I want to know! How many things I think of now which I would ask an oracle when there is none to ask! Things about the here and the hereafter; about the human spirit; about practical religion, the brotherhood of man, the inequalities of men, evolution, reform, the enduring mysteries of space, time, eternity, and woman!

### Pedigrees

A FRIEND of mine—a spiritualist—once told me of a séance in which he thought himself in brief communication with his mother. There were a million things to say. But when the medium requested him to give a message he could only falter: "Are you all right over there?" The answer came: "Yes, all right." Then my friend said: "I'm so glad!" And that was all.

"It is the feeling of awful pressure," he explained to me, "which drives the thoughts out of your head. That is why so many messages from the spirit world sound silly and inconsequential. You have the one great chance to communicate with them, and, because it is your one great chance, you cannot think of anything to say." Somehow I imagine that the feeling must be like the one I had in talking to the dictagraph.

**THE CAMPUS MARTIUS**—The automobile has not only changed Detroit from a quiet old town into a rich, active city, but upon the drowsy romance of the old days it has superimposed the romance of modern business

Among the characteristics which give Detroit her individuality is the survival of her old-time aristocracy; she is one of the few Middle-Western cities possessing such a social order. As with that of St. Louis, this aristocracy is of French descent, the Sibleys, Campaus, and other old Detroit families tracing their genealogies to forefathers who came out to the New World under the flag of Louis XIV. The early habitants acquired farms, most of them with small frontages on the river and running back for several miles into the woods—an arrangement which permitted farmhouses to be built close together for protection against Indians. These farms, handed down for generations, form the basis of a number of Detroit's older family fortunes.

### Later He Ruled Uncle Sam's Navee

TO-DAY commerce takes up the downtown portion of the river front, but not far from the center of the city the shore line is still occupied by residences. Along Jefferson Avenue are many homes, surrounded by delightful lawns extending forward to the street and back to the river. Most of these homes have in their back yards boathouses and docks—some of the latter large enough to berth seagoing steam yachts, of which Detroit boasts a considerable number. Nor is the water front reserved entirely for private use. In Belle Isle, situated in the Detroit River, and accessible by either boat or bridge, the city possesses one of the most unusual and charming public parks to be seen in the entire world. Here, in lagoons fed by the river, there is a great deal of canoeing. Furthermore, there are many pleasant places near Detroit which may be reached by boat, among them the St. Clair Flats, famous for duck shooting. All these features combine to make the river life active and picturesque. In midstream passes a continual parade of freighters, a little mail boat dodging out to meet each one as it goes by. Huge side-wheel excursion steamers come and go, and in their swell you may see, teetering, all kinds of craft, from proud white yachts with shining brasswork and bowsprits having the expression of haughty turned-up noses, down through the category of schooners, barges, tugs, motor yachts, motor boats, sloops, small sailboats, rowboats, and canoes. You may even catch sight of a hydroplane swiftly skimming the surface of the river like some amphibious, prehistoric animal, or of that natty little gunboat, captured from the Spaniards at the battle of Manila Bay, which now serves as a training ship for the Michigan Naval Reserve.

A good many of the young aristocrats of Detroit have belonged to the Naval Reserve, among them Mr. Truman H. Newberry, former Secretary of the Navy, about whom I heard an amusing story.

According to this tale, as it was told me in Detroit, Mr. Newberry was some





years ago a common seaman in the Reserve. It seems that on the occasion of the annual cruise of this body on the Great Lakes a regular naval officer is sent out to take command of the training ship. One day, when common seaman Newberry was engaged in the maritime occupation of swabbing down the decks abaft the bridge, a large yacht passed majestically by.

"My man," said the regular naval officer on the bridge to common seaman Newberry below, "do you know what yacht that is?"

Newberry saluted. "The *Truant*, sir," he said respectfully, and resumed his work.

"Who owns her?" asked the officer.

Again Newberry straightened and saluted.

"I do, sir," he said.

### Two Social Groups

**W**ITHIN the last few years there has come to Detroit a new life. The vast growth of the city, owing to the development of the automobile industry, has brought in many new, active, able business men and their families, whom the old Detroit-

"Do you know why you see so many of them?" he asked with a smile.

I said I supposed it was because there were so many automobiles owned in Detroit.

"No," he explained. "In other cities with as many and more cars you will not see this kind of thing. They don't permit it. But our wide streets lend themselves to it, and our Chief of Police lends himself to it, too. He lets us leave our cars about the streets because he thinks it a good advertisement for the town."

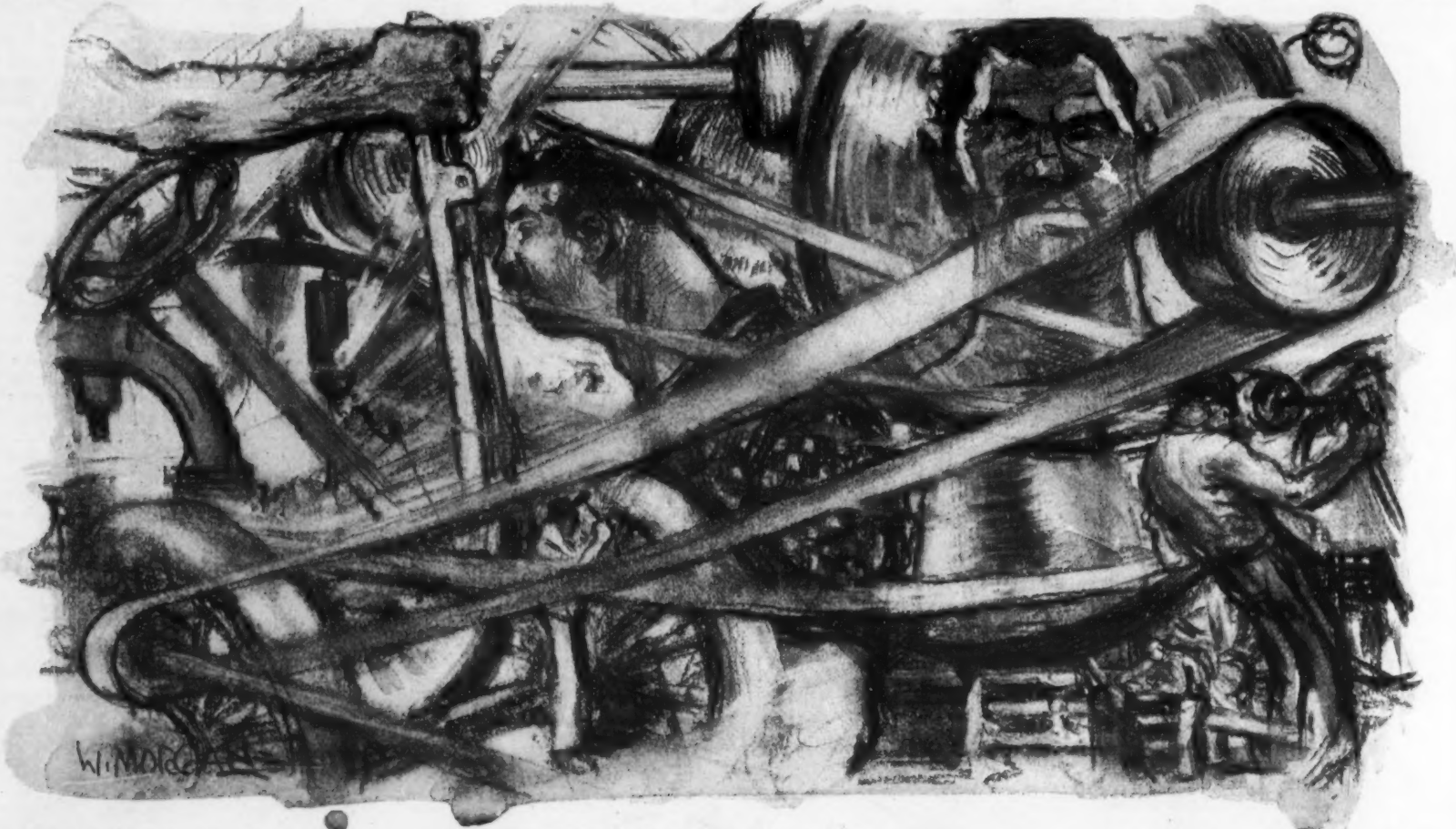
As he spoke he was forced to draw up at a crossing to let a funeral pass. It was an automobile funeral. The hearse, black and terrible as only a hearse can be, was going at a modest pace for a motor, but an exceedingly rapid pace for a hearse. If I am any judge of speed, the departed was being wafted to his final resting place at the somewhat sprightly clip of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Behind the hearse trailed limousines and touring cars. Two humble taxicabs brought up the rear. There was a grim ridiculousness about the procession's progress—pleasure cars throttled down, trying to look solemn

world only one other man who, I feel absolutely certain, deserves a million dollars more than he does—and a native modesty prevents my mentioning this other's name.

Looking at my friend, the president, I am always struck with fresh amazement. I want to say to him: "You can't be the president of that great big company! I know you sit in the president's office, but—look at your hair; it isn't even turning gray! I refuse to believe that you are president until you show me your ticket, or your diploma, or whatever it is that a president has!"

### Yes, but See "Who's Who" for 1914!

**B**ECOMING curious about his exact age, I took up my "Who's Who in America" one evening ("Who's Who" is another valued volume on my one-foot shelf) with a view to finding out. But all I did find out was that his name is not contained therein. That struck me as surprising. I looked up the heads of half a dozen other enormous automobile companies—men of importance, interest, reputation. Of these I



ers have dubbed the "Gasoline Aristocracy." Thus there are in Detroit two fairly distinct social groups—the Grosse Pointe group, of which the old families form the nucleus, and the North Woodward group, largely made up of newcomers.

The automobile has not only changed Detroit from a quiet old town into a rich, active city, but upon the drowsy romance of the old days it has superimposed a new kind of romance—the romance of modern business. Fiction in its wildest flights hardly rivals the true stories of certain motor moguls of Detroit. Everyone can tell you these stories. If you are a novelist all you have to do is go and get them. But, aside from stories which are true, there have developed, in connection with the automobile business, certain fictions more or less picturesque in character. One of these, which has been widely circulated, is that "90 per cent of the automobile business of Detroit is done in the bar of the Pontchartrain Hotel." The big men of the business resent that yarn. And, of course, it is preposterously false. Neither 90 per cent nor 10 per cent nor any appreciable per cent of the automobile business is done there. Indeed, you hardly ever see a really important representative of the business in that place. Such men are not given to hanging around bars.

### Autos Instead of Curbstones Line the Streets

**I** DO not wish the reader to infer that I hung around the bar myself in order to ascertain this fact. Not at all. I had heard the story and was apprised of its untruth by the president of one of the large motor car companies who was generously showing me about. As we bowled along one of the wide streets which passes through that open place at the center of the city called the Campus Martius, I was struck, as any visitor must be, by the spectacle of hundreds upon hundreds of automobiles parked, nose to the curb, tail to the street, in solid rows.

"You could tell that this was an automobile city," I remarked.

**POST-IMPRESSIONISM IN THE FORD PLANT:** *Of course there was order in that place—relentless system—terrible "efficiency"—but to my mind it expressed but one thing, and that thing was delirium*

—chauffeurs continually throwing out their clutches in a commendable effort to keep a respectful rate of speed.

Is there any other thing in the world which epitomizes our times as does an automobile funeral? Yesterday such a thing would have been deemed indecorous; to-day it is not only decorous, but rather chic, provided that the pace be slow; to-morrow—what will it be then? Will hearses go shooting through the streets at forty miles an hour? Will mourners scorch behind, their horns shrieking signals to the driver of the hearse to get out of the road and let the swiftest pass ahead, where there isn't all that dust? I am afraid a time is close at hand when, if hearses are to maintain that position in the funeral cortège to which convention has in the past assigned them, they will have to hold it by sheer force of superior horsepower!

### Almost Everybody Suspected of a Million

**D**ETROIT is a young man's town. I do not think the stand-pat, sit-tight, go-easy kind of business man exists there. The wheel of commerce has wire spokes and rubber tires, and there is no drag upon the brake band. Youth is at the steering wheel—both figuratively and literally. The heads of great Detroit industries drive their own cars; and if the fact seems unimportant, consider: do the leading men of your city drive theirs? Or are they driven by chauffeurs? Have they, in other words, reached an age and a frame of mind at which men do not drive because it is not safe for them to do so, or worse yet, because it is not dignified? Have they that energy which replaces worn-out tires—and methods—and ideas?

I have said that the president of a large automobile company showed me about Detroit. I don't know what his age is, but he is under thirty-five. I don't know what his fortune is, but he is suspected of a million, and whatever he may have, he has made himself. I hope he is a millionaire, for there is in the entire

discovered the name of but one, and that one was not (as I should have rather expected it to be) Henry Ford. (There is a Henry Ford in my "Who's Who," but he is a professor at Princeton and writes for the "Atlantic Monthly"!)

Now whether this is so because of the newness of the automobile business, or because "Who's Who" turns up its nose at "trade," in contradistinction to the professions and the arts, I cannot say. Obviously, the compilation of such a work involves tremendous difficulties, and I have always respected the volume for the ability with which it overcomes them; but when a Detroit dentist (who invented, as I recollect, some new kind of filling) is included in "Who's Who," and when almost every minor poet who squeaks in in it, and almost every illustrator who makes candy-looking girls for magazine covers, and almost every writer—then it seems to me time to include, as well, the names of men who are in charge of that industry which is not only the greatest in Detroit, but which, more than any industry since the inception of the telephone, has transformed our life.

The fact of the matter is, of course, that writers, in particular, are taken too seriously, not merely by "Who's Who" but by all kinds of publications—especially newspapers. Only opera singers and actors can vie with writers in the amount of undeserved publicity which they receive. If I omit professional baseball players it is by intention; for, as a fan might say, they have to "deliver the goods."

### Art Owns a Homestead in Detroit

**B**AEDEKER'S United States, a third volume in the condensed library I carried in my trunk, sets forth (in small type!) the following: "The finest private art gallery in Detroit is that of Mr. Charles L. Freer. The gallery contains the largest group of works by Whistler in existence and good examples of Tryon, Dewing, and Abbott Thayer as well as many Oriental paintings and potteries."

But in the case of the (Continued on page 23)



"THE Major's compliments, and he wishes to see you at headquarters immediately, sir."

"Tell the Major I'll come at once."

"Yes, sir." The orderly saluted, pivoted on correct military heel, and departed the way he had come, while Lieutenant Stone threw down his three-months-old home paper and took his legs down from the railing of the officers' club porch. "Now what the deuce can the Old Man want at this time of day?" muttered Lieutenant Stone.

"Now you understand, Stone, it's officially an exploration and mapping trip. The island is small and little known on account of the fierce tribe that lives there. They're very much like the worst of the Igorrotes—only much more so. Spain never meddled with them much—neither have we except once when Jikiri took refuge there and we had to smoke him out. The natives keep very much to themselves and don't make trouble outside of their own island—stay-at-home lot they are, thank fortune. There's a reason going round why they stick so close to home and mother. The natives here say it's because they have a small pearl fishery hidden away on their island. I can hardly believe that, though—it's a little too improbable. First thing, it's a bit far up for pearls and it's asking too much to believe that any island in the Philippines could produce good pearls and not be known for them. If the pearls were of any value, they would trade them and become a known pearl island like Sulu—but they never do. If the pearl-fishery rumor has any basis in fact at all, the pearls must be of such a piffling sort that they know it's not worth while trading and must just keep them or store them up somewhere. And that's another thing: there's to be no looting. We're not at war with these people, and even if we were—remember some of the messes the men got into in China? It's a temptation, I admit, but orders are strict. No looting. I'll expect you to see that your men don't take a thing."

"I'll do my best, sir, of course—but I see my work cut out for me if there's any loot goin'. You know what soldados are and the length they'll go to get it and hide it."

The Major knew; none better. He had led the prize troop of roughnecks into Peking. He grinned:

"All right then. And mind you set them a good example. Now about this shipwreck business. The *McArthur* that came in this morning reported a wreck about a hundred miles to the westward; no one on board. Later she picked up two empty boats drifting south. As she was in such bad shape herself from the typhoon, the captain decided to put in here and send from here an expedition to Paganay Island to see if any of the survivors of the wreck might happen to be there. The boats were very evidently coming from that direction, and Captain Marsh thinks it likely that they might have been moored there and got adrift. If there are any white people there, we must send at once, for God knows what those natives may do to them. You will take a sergeant, a corporal, and eight men of your troop. Take the largest launch, the one with the Hotchkiss in the bow. Don't fight unless you have to, but take rifles, pistols, and plenty of ammunition. Pack along a transit and sketching cases and get what you can do; the only map of Paganay we have at present is this thing."

HE DISPLAYED a rough outline sketch of the island with only a few things marked in it.

"Yes, sir, but if no one's there, hadn't we better let you know immediately in case—"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the Major. "We're sending the *Lady Love* to cruise about and see what she can find so as to make sure in either case. If the survivors are at Paganay, of course leave all mapping and rush them back here to the post. Here's the map. You'd better go see the Q. M. now; he's getting the launch loaded up with extra supplies in case the

# The Loot and the Lieutenant

By Will Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS



"Now set 'em up again," said Shorty. "One or two propped against the rock, so if the simple villagers look up all will seem to be in order. Drag the others inside the cave mouth."

wrecked people are there. Look it over, ask for anything else you think you'll need, and get off as quickly as you can. I'll see you again before you go."

AND so it came about that at dawn the next morning Lieutenant Stone sat up in the bow of the launch *Taft* and gazed at the dim outline of a little island just showing out of the mist of rose and gray ahead. Little tingles of expectation vibrated unexpected nerves all over his body. For this was his first detail—the very first big thing that had come his way "on his own" since his recent winning of his commission. And, as Stone thought: "Gee! What a detail! Don't I wish Shorty could see me now?" Hostile natives, pearls (possible but not probable), rumors of a shipwreck! But his only expressed thought at all the exaltation and pleasant anticipation was: "Bloomin' good chance for me. We'll have a bully time."

"Mornin', Lieutenant," said a deep, cheerful voice, and Stone's daydreams fell away with a bump.

It was "Battle-Ax Bob," otherwise Sergeant Robert Ewart, who greeted him. "Mornin', Sergeant," answered Stone mechanically, still a bit dazed.

Battle-Ax Bob grinned: "Excuse me, sir, but I've been watchin' you a minute or two, sir. I've been in the service so long and seen so many of you. Battle, murder, and sudden death, wasn't it, sir?"

Stone reddened. "You're a very good guesser," he answered, admiringly. The other men were awake by now, and as they

neared the island they breakfasted.

The corporal, Hilary, was a young person of singularly good family, but, having scrapped with every member of it but a younger sister, he had hitched up as a horse soldier in the United States army, and was going after a commission tooth and nail without asking anything of his displeased relatives. The transit and sketching cases were consigned to his care, for just now he was "boning" on that part of his work. Sergeant Ewart—

Battle-Ax Bob, as he was known through the length and breadth of the service, wherever the flag fluttered and the morning gun boomed—was one of the few survivors in active service of the "Old Army," the enlisted force as it was before the Spanish War, the army of small, far-scattered Western posts, Indian fights, and prairie hikes—though actually the word hike itself didn't come into use until after '98. Very tall was Bob, with sandy hair and mustache and a complexion like a thimble, for in the days of his youth he had caught a fine case of smallpox from some Mexicans down around Fort Apache. Besides his face there wasn't an inch of his body that wasn't scarred—not with smallpox but with nicks from bolos. For during the insurrection Bob had been captured and tortured by Igorrotes and had been rescued only just before spirit and body parted. Bob knew all about Gu-gus, could speak Tagalog and Spanish fluently, and had a smattering of some of the other native languages. Stone, who could only speak a mongrel brand of soldado Español, realized what a treasure his Top Sergeant was on an expedition of this sort and wisely resolved to let Bob attend to most of the dispositions of the campaign. Not long from the position of Top Sergeant himself, Stone surely knew a good man when he saw one. The others of the party were privates, but carefully picked men.

BATTLE-AX and Stone had studied carefully the map the Major had given them and decided not to risk the barrio landing nor the main harbor. They planned to skirt along the ocean side of the reef, as the sea was very calm, and with the aid of powerful field glasses find out if there were any signs of the shipwrecked ones on the beach; if not, they would go around to the western shore and land near the mouth of the upper

river, where the map showed a landing was practicable. The launch carried two large boats, either of which would easily hold them all, and Bob proposed to Stone the plan of using one to land with and leaving the other on the launch, together with one of their men, to augment the crew of two the *Taft* boasted. "They can cruise around to the northeast and lay off for signal with all steam up. Seems that would be the most likely place to catch up our wigwags, and they'll be in a strategic position to come and take us off with the other boat in case we need an almighty quick getaway. And it's my opinion we'll need it all right."

"It was clever of Bob to think of that," said Stone, relating this part of his adventures. "Because it might never have occurred to me, and, as it turned out, that launch was right pat in the very place where she was needed most."

OPPOSITE the beach they raked it with the field glasses, but, seeing absolutely no signs of the shipwrecked party, they continued on around to the west, landed in one of the boats, which they made fast just above the mouth of the second stream, and followed it up as well as they could for the thick, tangled growth along the bank.

Suddenly Stone, ahead, raised his hand as a signal to halt. He beckoned Bob, who crept to his side as quietly as possible.

"Look!" whispered Stone.

About fifteen yards ahead of them, at the foot of a tree, a small man lay sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. His face was turned away—in fact, his



whole head was buried in his arms. He wore clothing—of a sort so tattered, stained, and grimed that it seemed at one with the earth itself. No native, that was sure, but evidently some one shipwrecked; for what Stone had noted at the first glance was the pair of stout, American-made, brown shoes the man was wearing. And then his eyes, traveling upward, beheld a thing he could scarcely believe—puttees incased the man's stumpy little legs.

"United States army, or I'm a goat!" whispered Bob. "But how could it be?"

"Mighta been on the wrecked boat. Deserter maybe, tryin' to make a git-away."

"Gee! I hope not! Troubles enough as it is." The men were crowding behind them in an eager, expectant group. Stone's eyes were fascinated by those stumpy puttees: there was something very familiar about them—they looked exactly like Shorty's (Stone's old troop commander)—but of course it couldn't be Shorty; no such luck. Captain Campbell was in Leyte with old J Troop at Muymaras. But if it only *was* Shorty! Gosh! Wouldn't that be great? He hated to wake the man, who was evidently worn out, but if he was a white man he would be glad enough to see them, and if he wasn't it didn't matter.

So Stone signaled the men to follow, and quietly they surrounded the man, ready in case of need. Then Stone bent over and shook him by the shoulder, at first gently and then more roughly. The man did not wake, but turned over on his back. It *was* Shorty!

"It's Captain Campbell, my old troop commander!" whispered Stone to Battle-Ax. "He must be worn out to sleep like that. We'll camp here till he wakes. He'll probably be able to tell us everything we want to know."

"So that's Shorty," mused Bob (for the nickname was known throughout the army)—"the feller who defeated his own side in the maneuvers that time. He sure must be some potatoes."

STONE spread his blanket over his beloved Captain and sat beside him to wait for such time as he should wake. The men slept; all but Hilary, who was working on his map, and Bob, who was kindling a small, inconspicuous fire, making coffee and laying out a good big ration of food.

"He'll need it when he wakes," whispered Bob, nodding toward Shorty.

"Thank you, Sergeant," said Stone. "He sure will."

The Captain was never a beauty; now with his countenance very drawn and haggard, caked with dirt, streaked with sweat, and with a six days' fuzz of a beard on it, he hardly appeared an object on which to lavish affection; but Stone, warming to that tired, dirty, ugly little mug, hung over Shorty with the solicitude of a mother over her child. At a little after twelve, when the men were eating their dinner, Shorty awoke. At the first glimpse of Stone's face above him he looked puzzled, then abruptly sat up and gazed about him. As his eyes, more squinty than ever with sleep, took in the surroundings, he demanded belligerently: "What the blank are you doin' here? Where the deuce am I anyway?"

"Paganay Island, Captain," said Stone. "We're under orders. What are you doin' here yourself?"

"It's not official," said Shorty, grinning and further eclipsing his eyes. "I was shipwrecked—that's all. Gee! That coffee smells good—and the chow, too. I'm starved."

He wolfed down the stuff. "First square meal I've had in six days—and the last two it's been nothin' but bananas. What time is it?" and, being told it was one o'clock, he consented to give an account of himself.

"For," said he, "there's plenty of time."

"Time for what?" demanded Stone. "You'll find out when I tell you," was the cryptic reply. "Well, to get back to Genesis, the troop sort of got on my nerves down there in Muymaras and I put in for leave to get away from it for a while."

"Don't believe it," said Stone flatly. "That is just one big whopper of a lie!" But he grinned when he said it, so the bald statement gave no more offense than that other offensive remark that you must "smile when you say it."

"You never even said 'Excuse me,'" said Shorty plaintively.

Battle-Ax Bob chuckled, the men inched closer, full of curiosity to hear what was coming next. Shorty deliberately turned his back on them (they weren't his troopers) and addressed himself exclusively to Stone:

"No, honestly, hombre, *that* wasn't it. I took leave because there hadn't been much doing in Muymaras for a while and not much prospect either, and I'd sorta got interested in pearls and pearl fisheries and began bonin' up on 'em. Burns had some books about 'em and I read 'em all—two or three times. It was interestin'. Then I put in for the two months' leave that was comin' to me to go down to Sulu and northern Borneo and poke about on my own. Thought, too, I might stop off at your place on my way home if I had time, but that blamed typhoon blew up that

where we found you. Was there anyone with you? Where are the others? You must have had a boat or something. Where is it? Tell something!"

Thus adjured, the castaway continued his narrative: "The *Mary Lee* went all to smash and started sinkin' in the middle of the night—I'm no flatfoot, so I can't tell you just what happened. We'd been warned, so were ready to take to the boats. There were only two passengers on the *Mary Lee*—me and a girl; an army girl who'd been visitin' some of her people who were fool missionaries down in the Malay archipelago somewhere, and was comin' back to keep house for her brother, who's a captain of infantry somewhere up in Luzon."

There was a smothered exclamation from among the men. "Hilary! Was her name Hilary?" excitedly inquired the Corporal.

"It was," said Shorty. "Who are you?"

"She's my sister. My sister, I tell you! Where is she?" His voice mounted in a shrill crescendo.

"She's safe. Or safe for a while anyway—and we're going to get her all right. Don't you worry, hombre." Shorty was used to these situations when one member of a family was an officer and the other was enlisted in the ranks. "You must be the brother she told me about. How queer you should be in Stone's troop. Well, men, we'd better get along. I can explain as we hike."

"But," insisted Hilary, "where is Madge? Where is she? For God's sake, tell me!"

"She's in a cave up the mountain, quite safe, waitin' to be married to the chief of—"

"To be married—"

"There, there, keep your shirt on, son. It's a good thing for her she is—or I don't like to think what might have happened. All ready? For'd har!" Shorty walked between Stone and Hilary and explained as briefly as he could.

THERE were four of the crew, your sister and me in our boat. The only boat that got away, I think. The ship sank as they were getting the others off. I'd have given a heap to save that captain's wife, but she wouldn't leave him. I tried to force her; I couldn't. She'd make two of me. Fought me like a cat. Yesterday morning our boat got in here. Managed to beach inside the reef all right. We hadn't beached long when down came the Gu-gus, killed the crew clean—thank God for that—no torture, and took Miss Hilary along with them."

There was a suppressed oath from the Corporal; it sounded like a groan.

"You may wonder where I was that I allowed 'em to get her alive, but, hombre, I wasn't there at all, or

I'd have died, too, before they took her. But I was off in the jungle gettin' firewood and had to go pretty far to get it dry enough. When I came back it was all over and the natives had got your sister into the boat and were well off shore. I think she must have fainted, for I never heard a scream from her and she looked awfully limp, poor girl! They were just out of range of my six-shooter or I'd have killed her. Golly, I'm glad now they were! They went out of the lagoon and headed north and east, skirtn' the shore just far enough out to avoid the breakers and my bullets—me followin' on shore, keepin' in the jungle shadow. Thank God the trees grow thick right down to the beach. Up near the northeast corner of this island is a big barrio where they all live and that's where they took her. We're pointin' for it right now. I lurked round on the edges and saw 'em put her into an empty shack and take her in some chow. They put a guard over her and then they all held a mass meetin' out in the middle and they were crazy excited. 'Course I know gettin' a white woman would excite the hombre some, but this seemed different somehow, for even the women and kids were all worked up. If they'd been white, they'd all been givin' three cheers over somethin'. That's how they acted. I wiggled up near as I could—the trees grow right up to the clearin', and, as they were talkin' pretty loud, I managed to hear enough to put me wise. Their lingo's pretty much like Tagal, so I could sabs it all right, and I heard that they were keepin' her for the chief to come back. The buck I'd thought was the head man turned out to be only the vice president, and he put it to 'em straight that (Continued on page 32)



"Where the deuce is she?" cried Shorty. At the sound of his voice a figure crept from behind the throne. "Captain Campbell! Soldiers! Oh, Fred!"

part. Well, I had a good look-see and saw all their makee pidgin, and I was comin' up to you on the sailin' ship *Mary Lee* when the typhoon struck us, and here I am. The whole thing was more almighty interestin' than I had imagined—especially the typhoon. Did you say this was Paganay? I had suspicions, but of course wasn't sure."

YES," said Stone, "it's Paganay all right." It struck him as very strange that active, vibrating little Shorty should suddenly develop thus late in life a passion for pearl fishing. It reminded him oddly of the shock he had once had when a real-estate man—a subdivision boomer—he had known, a hustling, all-for-business, rather unimaginative yap with a perpetual glad eye and hand, had revealed his secret and consuming interest in bees, and how when he had "made his pile" his one desire was to have a quiet little bee ranch somewhere in the "real country," far from subdivisions, booming, and otherwise.

"You never know what bug will sting you," thought Stone. But Shorty! Still, he was erratic occasionally, witness his one-time passion for aeronautical work! But a slow-poke thing like pearls!

"There's lots of excitement in pearls," pursued Shorty. Stone's meditations were all upset again. "I'm glad this is Paganay; that's luck anyway; I've heard things about this place."

"But tell us how you got here, right in this spot



NEVER had the gracious eastward face of Shonts looked more beautiful than it did on the morning of the Lord Chancellor's visit. It glowed as translucent as amber lit by flames, its two towers were pillars of pale gold. It looked over its slopes and parapets upon a great valley of mist-barred freshness through which the distant river shone like a snake of light.

The southwest façade was still in the shadow, and the ivy hung from it darkly greener than the greenest green. The stained-glass windows of the old chapel reflected the sunrise as though lamps were burning inside. Along the terrace a pensive peacock trailed his sheathed splendors through the dew. Amid the ivy was a fuss of birds.

And presently there was pushed out from amid the ivy at the foot of the eastward tower a little brownish buff thing, that seemed as natural there as a squirrel or a rabbit. It was a head—a ruffled human head. It remained still for a moment contemplating the calm spaciousness of terrace and garden and countryside. Then it emerged further and rotated and surveyed the house above it. Its expression was one of alert caution. Its natural freshness and innocence were a little marred by an enormous transverse smudge, a bar sinister of smut, and the elfin delicacy of the left ear was festooned with a cobweb—probably a genuine antique. It was the face of Bealby.

He was considering the advisability of leaving Shonts—for good.

Presently his decision was made. His hands and shoulders appeared following his head, and then a dusty but undamaged Bealby was running swiftly toward the corner of the shrubbery. He crouched lest at any moment that pursuing pack of butlers should see him and give tongue. In another moment he was hidden from the house altogether, and rustling his way through a thicket of budding rhododendra. After these dirty passages the morning air was wonderfully sweet—but just a trifle hungry.

GRAZING deer saw Bealby fly across the park, stared at him for a time with great, gentle, unintelligent eyes, and went on feeding.

They saw him stop ever and again. He was snatching at mushrooms, that he devoured forthwith as he sped on.

On the edge of the beech woods he paused and glanced back at Shonts.

Then his eyes rested for a moment on the clump of trees through which one saw a scrap of the head gardener's cottage, a bit of the garden wall. . . .

A physiognomist might have detected a certain lack of self-confidence in Bealby's eyes.

But his spirit was not to be quelled. Slowly, joylessly perhaps, but with a grave determination, he raised his hand in that prehistoric gesture of the hand and face by which youth, since ever there was youth, has asserted the integrity of its soul against established and predominant things.

"Catch me!" said Bealby.

BEALBY left Shonts about half-past four in the morning. He went westward because he liked the company of his shadow and was amused at first by its vast length. By half-past eight he had covered ten miles, and he was rather bored by his shadow. He had eaten nine raw mushrooms, two green apples, and a quantity of unripe blackberries. None of these things seemed quite at home in him. And he had discovered himself to be wearing slippers. They were stout carpet slippers, but still they were slippers—and the road was telling on them. At the ninth mile the left one began to give on the outer seam. He got over a stile into a path that ran through the corner of a wood, and there he met a smell of frying bacon that turned his very soul to gastric juice.

He stopped short and sniffed the air—and the air itself was sizzling.

"Oh, Krikey," said Bealby, manifestly to the Spirit of the World. "This is a bit too strong. I wasn't thinking much before."

Then he saw something bright yellow and bulky just over the hedge.

From this it was that the sound of frying came.

He went to the hedge, making no effort to conceal himself. Outside a great yellow caravan with dainty

# Bealby

## The Happy Caravanners — Chapter III

By H. G. Wells

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

little windows stood a largish dark woman in a deerstalker hat, a short brown skirt, a large white apron and spatterdashes (among other things) frying bacon and potatoes in a frying pan. She was very red in the face, and the frying pan was spitting at her as frying pans do at a timid cook. . . .

QUITE mechanically Bealby scrambled through the hedge and drew nearer this divine smell. The woman scrutinized him for a moment, and then blinking and averting her face went on with her



A pleasant woman was talking over the counter to a stout and worried one who carried a bundle. They both stopped abruptly at the appearance of Bealby

cooking. Bealby came quite close to her and remained, noting the bits of potato that swam about in the pan, the jolly curling of the rashers, the dancing of the bubbles, the humming splash and splutter of the happy fat. . . .

(If it should ever fall to my lot to be cooked, may I be fried in potatoes and butter. May I be fried with potatoes and good butter made from the milk of the cow. God send I am spared boiling; the prison of the pot, the rattling lid, the evil darkness, the greasy water. . . .)

"I suppose," said the lady prodding with her fork at the bacon. "I suppose you call yourself a Boy."

"Yes, miss," said Bealby.

"Have you ever fried?"

"I could, miss."

"Like this?"

"Better."

"Just lay hold of this handle—for it's scorching the skin off my face I am—" She seemed to think for a moment and added: "entirely."

IN SILENCE, Bealby grasped that exquisite smell by the handle, he took the fork from her hand and put his hungry, eager nose over the seething mess. It wasn't only bacon; there were onions, onions giving it—an edge! It cut to the quick of appetite. He could have wept with the intensity of his sensations.

A voice almost as delicious as the smell came out of the caravan window behind Bealby's head.

"Ju-dy!" cried the voice.

"Here!—I mean—it's here I am," said the lady in the deerstalker.

"Judy—you didn't take my stockings for your own, by any chance?"

The lady in the deerstalker gave way to delighted horror. "Sssh, mayourneen!" she cried—she was one of that large class of amiable women who are more Irish than they need be—"there's a Boy here!"

There was indeed an almost obsequiously industrious and obliging Boy. An hour later he was no longer a Boy but the Boy and three friendly women were regarding him with a merited approval.

He had done the frying, renewed a waning fire with remarkable skill and dispatch, reboiled a neglected kettle in the shortest possible time, laid almost without direction a simple meal, very exactly set out camp stools and cleaned the frying pan marvelously. Hardly had they taken their portions of that appetizing savoriness than he had whipped off with that implement, gone behind the caravan, busied himself there, and returned with the pan—glittering bright. Himself if possible brighter. One cheek indeed shone with an animated glow.

"But wasn't there some of the bacon and stuff left?" asked the lady in the deerstalker.

"I didn't think it was wanted, miss," said Bealby. "So I cleared it up."

He met understanding in her eye. He questioned her expression.

"Mayn't I wash up for you, miss?" he asked to relieve the tension.

He washed up, swiftly and cleanly. He had never been able to wash up to Mr. Mergleson's satisfaction before, but now he did everything Mr. Mergleson had ever told him. He asked where to put the things away and he put them away. Then he asked politely if there was anything else he could do for them. Questioned, he said he liked doing things. "You haven't," said the lady in the deerstalker, "a taste for cleaning boots?"

Bealby declared he had. "Surely," said a voice that Bealby adored, "tis an angel from heaven."

HE HAD a taste for cleaning boots! This was an extraordinary thing for Bealby to say. But a great change had come to him in the last half hour. He was violently anxious to do things, any sort of things, servile things, for a particular person. He was in love.

The owner of the beautiful voice had come out of the caravan, she had stood

for a moment in the doorway before descending the steps to the ground, and the soul of Bealby had bowed down before her in instant submission. Never had he seen anything so lovely. Her straight, slender body was sheathed in blue; fair hair, a little tinged with red, poured gloriously back from her broad forehead, and she had the sweetest eyes in the world. One slender hand lifted her dress from her feet; the other rested on the lintel of the caravan door. She looked at him and smiled.

SO FOR two years she had looked and smiled across the footlights to the Bealby in mankind. She had smiled now on her entrance out of habit. She took the effect upon Bealby as a foregone conclusion.

Then she had looked to make sure that everything was ready before she descended.

"How good it smells, Judy!" she had said.

"I've had a helper," said the woman who wore spats.

That time the blue-eyed lady had smiled at him quite definitely. . . .

The third member of the party had appeared unobserved; the irradiations of the beautiful lady had obscured her. Bealby discovered her about. She was bareheaded; she wore a simple gray dress with a Norfolk jacket, and she had a pretty clear white profile under black hair. She answered to the name of "Winnie."

The beautiful lady was Madeleine. They made little obscure jokes with each other and praised the morning ardently. "This is the best place of all," said Madeleine.

"All night," said Winnie, "not a single mosquito."

None of these three ladies made any attempt to conceal the sincerity of their hunger or their appreciation of Bealby's assistance. How good a thing is appreciation! Here he was doing with joy and



pride and an eager excellence, the very services he had done so badly under the cuffings of Mergleson and Thomas. . . .

AND now Bealby, having been regarded with approval for some moments and discussed in tantalizing undertones, was called upon to explain himself.

"Boy," said the lady in the deerstalker, who was evidently the leader and still more evidently the spokeswoman of the party, "come here."

"Yes, miss." He put down the boot he was cleaning on the caravan step.

"In the first place, know by these presents, I am a married woman."

"Yes, miss."

"And miss is not a seemly mode of address for me."

"No, miss. I mean—" Bealby hung for a moment and by the happest of accidents a scrap of his instruction at Shonts came up in his mind. "No," he said, "your—ladyship."

A great light shone on the spokeswoman's face. "Not yet, my child," she said, "not yet. He hasn't done his duty by me. I am—a simple Mum."

Bealby was intelligently silent.

"Say—yes, mum."

"Yes, mum," said Bealby, and everybody laughed very agreeably.

"And now," said the lady, taking pleasure in her words, "know by these presents— By the bye, what is your name?"

Bealby scarcely hesitated. "Dick Maltravers, mum," he said, and almost added: "The Dauntless Daredevil of the Diamond-fields Horse," which was the second title.

"Dick will do," said the lady who was called Judy, and added suddenly and very amusingly: "You may keep the rest."

(These were the sort of people Bealby liked. The right sort.)

"Well, Dick, we want to know, have you ever been in service?"

IT WAS sudden. But Bealby was equal to it. "Only for a day or two, miss—I mean, mum—just to be useful."

"Were you useful?"

Bealby tried to think whether he had been, and could recall nothing but the face of Thomas with the fork hanging from it. "I did my best, mum," he said impartially.

"And all that is over?"

"Yes, mum."

"And you're at home again and out of employment?"

"Yes, mum."

"Do you live near here?"

"No—leastways, not very far."

"With your father?"

"Stepfather, mum. I'm a Norfan."

"Well, how would you like to come with us for a few days and help with things? Seven-and-sixpence a week."

Bealby's face was eloquent.

"Would your stepfather object?"

Bealby considered. "I don't think he would," he said.

"You'd better go round and ask him."

"I—suppose—yes," he said.

"And get a few things."

"Things, mum?"

"Collars and things. You needn't bring a great box for such a little while."

"Yes, mum. . . ."

He hovered rather undecidedly.

"Better run along now. Our man and horse will be coming presently. We shan't be able to wait for you long. . . ."

Bealby assumed a sudden briskness and departed. At the gate of the field he hesitated almost imperceptibly and then directed his face to the Sabbath stillness of the village.

Perplexity corrugated his features. The stepfather's permission presented no difficulties, but it was more difficult about the luggage.

A voice called after him.

"Yes, mum?" he said attentive and hopeful. Perhaps—somehow—they wouldn't want luggage.

"You'll want boots. You'll have to walk by the caravan, you know. You'll want some good stout boots."

"All right, mum," he said with a sorrowful break in his voice. He waited a few moments but nothing more came. He went on—very slowly. He had forgotten about the boots.

That defeated him. . . .

It is hard to be refused admission to Paradise for the want of a handbag and a pair of walking boots. . . .

BEALBY was by no means certain that he was going back to that caravan. He wanted to do so quite painfully, but—

He'd just look a fool going back without boots and

—nothing on earth would reconcile him to the idea of looking a fool in the eyes of that beautiful woman in blue.

"Dick," he whispered to himself despondently, "Daredevil Dick!" (A more miserable-looking face you never set eyes on.) "It's all up with your little schemes, Dick, my boy. You must get a bag—and nothing on earth will get you a bag."

He paid little heed to the village through which he wandered. He knew there were no bags there. Chance rather than any volition of his own guided him down a side path that led to the nearly dry bed of a little rivulet, and there he sat down on some weedy grass under a group of willows. It was an untidy place that needed all the sunshine of the morning to be tolerable; one of those places where stinging nettles take heart



The owner of the beautiful voice had come out of the caravan, she had stood for a moment in the doorway before descending the steps to the ground, and the soul of Bealby had bowed down before her in instant submission

and people throw old kettles, broken gallipots, jaded gravel, grass cuttings, rusty rubbish, old boots—

For a time Bealby's eyes rested on the objects with an entire lack of interest.

Then he was reminded of his not so very remote childhood when he had found an old boot and made it into a castle. . . .

PRESENTLY he got up and walked across to the rubbish heap and surveyed its treasures with a quickened intelligence. He picked up a widowed boot and weighed it in his hand.

He dropped it abruptly, turned about and hurried back into the village street.

He had ideas, two ideas, one for the luggage, and one for the boots. . . . If only he could manage it. Hope beat his great pinions in the heart of Bealby.

Sunday! The shops were shut. Yes, that was a fresh obstacle. He'd forgotten that.

The public house stood bashfully open, the shy, uninviting openness of Sunday morning before closing time, but public houses, alas! at all hours are forbidden to little boys. And besides he wasn't likely to get what he wanted in a public house; he wanted a shop, a general shop. And here before him was the general shop—and its door ajar! His desire carried

him over the threshold. The sabbatical shutters made the place dark and cool, and the smell of bacon and cheese and chandleries, the very spirit of grocery, calm and unharried, was cool and sabbatical, too, as if it sat there for the day in its best clothes. And a pleasant woman was talking over the counter to a stout and worried one who carried a bundle.

THEIR intercourse had a flavor of emergency and they both stopped abruptly at the appearance of Bealby. His desire, his craving was now so great that it had altogether subdued the natural wiriness of his appearance. He looked meek, he looked good, he was swimming in propitiation and tender with respect. He produced an effect of being much smaller. He had got nice eyes. His movements were refined and his manners perfect.

"Not doing business to-day, my boy," said the pleasant woman.

"Oh, please, 'm," he said from his heart. "Sunday, you know."

"Oh, please, 'm. If you could just give me a nold sheet of paper, 'm, please."

"What for?" asked the pleasant woman.

"Just to wrap something up, 'm."

She reflected and natural goodness had its way with her.

"A nice big bit," said the woman.

"Please, 'm."

"Would you like it brown?"

"Oh, please, 'm."

"And you got some string?"

"Only cottony stuff," said Bealby, dis-emboweling a trouser pocket. "Wiv knots. But I dessay I can manage."

"You'd better have a bit of good string with it, my dear," said the pleasant woman whose generosity was now fairly on the run. "Then you can do your parcel up nice and tidy. . . ."

THE white horse was already in the shafts of the caravan, and William,

a deaf and clumsy man of uncertain age and a vast, sharp nosiness, was lifting in the basket of breakfast gear and grumbling in undertones at the wickedness and unfairness of traveling on Sunday, when Bealby returned to gladden three waiting women.

"Ah!" said the inconspicuous lady, "I knew he'd come."

"Look at his poor little precious parsel," said the actress.

Regarded as luggage it was rather pitiful, a knobby, brown paper parcel about the size—to be perfectly frank—of a tin can, two old boots and some grass, very carefully folded and tied up—and carried gingerly.

"But—" the lady in the deerstalker began and then paused.

"Dick," she said, as he came nearer, "where's your boots?"

"Oh, please, mum," said the dauntless one, "they was away being mended. My stepfather thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I didn't have boots. He said perhaps I might be able to get some more boots out of my salary. . . ."

The lady in the deerstalker looked alarmingly uncertain and Bealby controlled infinite distresses.

"Haven't you got a mother, Dick?" asked the beautiful voice suddenly. Its owner abounded in such spasmodic curiosities.

"She—last year. . . ." Matricide is a painful business at any time. And just as you see, in spite of every effort you have made, the jolliest lark in the world slipping out of your reach. And the sweet voice so sorry for him! So sorry! Bealby suddenly veiled his face with his elbow and gave way to honorable tears. . . .

A simultaneous desire to make him happy, help him to forget his loss, possessed three women. . . .

"That'll be all right, Dick," said the lady in the deerstalker, patting his shoulder. "We'll get you some boots to-morrow. And to-day you must sit up beside William and spare your feet. You'll have to go to the inns with him. . . ."

"It's wonderful, the elasticity of youth," said the inconspicuous lady five minutes later. "To see that boy now you'd never imagine he'd had a sorrow in the world."

"Now get up there," said the lady who was the leader. "We shall walk across the fields and join you later. You understand where you are to wait for us, William?"

SHE came nearer and shouted: "You understand, William?"

William nodded ambiguously. "Ent a Fool," he said.

The ladies departed. "You'll be all right, Dick," cried the actress kindly. (Continued on page 31)



# The Price Knife and the Law

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. ENRIGHT

**T**WO phrases to which the American people have attached an ugly meaning are about to trick our good commercial sense into a jungle of chaos and folly.

These two phrases are "price maintenance" and "price fixing."

At the sound of either of these phrases the average man—and unfortunately the average intelligent man—and lawyers and, worst of all, even Congressmen—think of monopoly and the high cost of living—and suppression of competition and the poor consumer. Thus minds are closed. So prejudice has its day.

Nevertheless, that price fixing under some conditions may be the godsend of the honest, independent manufacturer, the small dealer and the consumer, and that it may almost alone furnish the guarantee of fair competition, is an idea which clear thinkers are carrying forward at this moment.

The idea is not complicated. The price-fixing question may be separated and pigeonholed without difficulty. It is extraordinary that it has not been made foolproof long ago.

It is like the tariff—folks buried it in words. The tariff was much simpler than the talk about it. The labor question will probably be found to be much simpler when the vapor blows off. The price-fixing subject is simpler than either of these.

By whom can prices be fixed?

Take, for example, the prices on razors: First, suppose there is a razor trust. It has grown up by combinations of the larger makers which have driven the smaller out of business. Now it has a monopoly. What is this monopoly? It is a monopoly of things—razors. The trust controls the supply of razors; the trust can "fix the price" because it controls the source of supply.

What does the law say as to that? The old common law declared against it; the Sherman Law, built on top of that by Congress, declared against it. The Supreme Court has declared against it. State courts have declared against it. The people have declared against it. One group of theorists, headed by President Wilson, would want to restore competition in razors so that prices might not be fixed; and another group, headed by Colonel Roosevelt, would want the Government to fix prices so that competition would be restored. Take your choice. In any case, we are all against the fixing of prices *when fixing prices is the result of the monopoly of a class of things.*

## The Law's Illogical Stopping Place

**B**UT now comes a man, not with a monopoly of razors, but with a monopoly of one kind of a razor. He does not have the monopoly of things, such as sugar, steel, coal, flour, or razors or corsets; he has the monopoly of one kind of razor—of a thing.

Who gave him this monopoly? We did. The United States gave him the monopoly. The man invented a particular kind of razor. We say that, having invented that new kind of razor, he may manufacture and sell it without competition. We give him a patent right. We say—the Supreme Court has said it over and over again—that we grant the monopoly for a period of years so that rewards shall be given the man for his inventive genius. He may make the new kind of razor, or lease the right and take his profits slowly,

or he may sell the right to make it and take his profits in a lump. There is a good deal of buncombe about this doctrine of reward for inventive genius, and it is amusing to hear the courts talk about it so solemnly. But that is our policy. Pass it by.

There is no question that the man with a patent monopoly of a thing may fix any price he chooses when he sells it. Somehow it is easy to feel that if he has this absolute right to a monopoly of a thing—and can make as few or as many as he wishes and sell the thing for any price he can get, or even refuse to make a price at which anyone would buy—that he might be expected to have also the right to make the man who buys the thing agree not to resell it at all. And if he has a right to make a buyer agree not to resell at all, anyone would guess that he would have the right to make the buyer agree that he would not resell except at a particular price. But the Supreme Court has said what amounts to this: "Oh, no! Nothing of the kind. He may make the price at which he sells to the buyer, but there's an end of it." A good many lawyers—I am one—disagree with the sense of this. If it is not against "public policy," as the courts say, to give the man the sole right to make the thing and sell it, it is hard to see why it is against "public policy" to say: "Wherever this thing travels, with it it will carry an agreement which concerns the price of the thing itself."

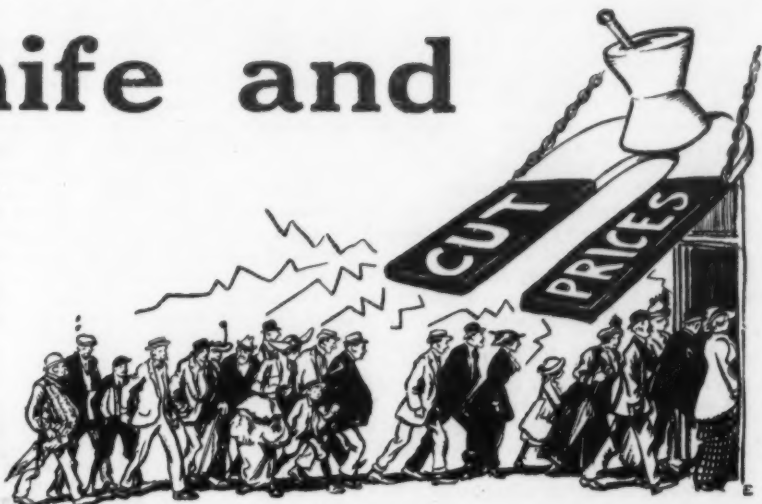
## Where Thought Goes Into the Ditch

**A**ND now comes a man with a third kind of monopoly of things. This man has a patent monopoly on a new kind of razor. And he says: "I will not sell this razor to anyone who does not buy my shaving soap—the 'Grand Foam Shaving Stick.'" Is the power to force the sale of the unpatented common shaving soap one of the rewards which we intend to give inventors of new razors? Who would say so? But using the patent right to force the sale and fix the price on things not patented is an abuse which our legislatures and public attorneys have made but a poor and feeble attempt to prevent.

So the situation seems to be this: A monopoly of things, without patent rights is illegal. But plenty of these monopolies, with power to fix prices, thrive in spite of all our laws and attorney generals and solemn judges who take "dissolution" suits much more seriously than the man who has to buy oil or beef or tobacco. The monopoly of things, when there are patent rights, however, is not only legal; it is created by the Government.

But now comes the confusion.

There is another kind of monopoly which concerns razors, or any other article. Here comes a man who makes a common razor. No other man is prevented from making a razor like his or selling it for less or for more—if this other man has the skill or the selling ability equal to that of the first man. This man who makes the common razor stamps his name on the razor, or he calls his razor "The Quickutter." The law recognizes his exclusive right to do this; the law protects the property rights in names, brands, and trade-marks.



Now comes the point where thought so often goes off the track and into the ditch. In fact, the chances are excellent that your Congressman's thought has been in the ditch all through this discussion of the trust and monopoly and price-fixing and price-maintenance questions in Washington. The chances are even better that you can go over to see your neighbor and find him without a glimmer of light about price fixing.

## A Nice Round Expression

**T**HE whole story can be told in this sentence: "The monopoly of a name is not a monopoly of a thing." It is not a monopoly of any article which the American public buys. Because—if you do not like the "Quickutter" razor, which is a common razor, you can buy the "Stropdull," which sells for the same price, or the "Tornado," which sells for less, or a razor with no brand name at all, made, nevertheless, by the Hackitt Cutlery Company, which unnamed razor sells for more.

Now then the price-fixing question becomes a different question. No court and no sane person would question the right of the man who makes the "Quickutter" to sell it to the buyer at any price he pleases. If he marks it too high, you will buy some other kind. He can fix the price for you. He can fix the price when he retails direct to you—the consumer. He can fix the price to the retailer to whom he sells direct. He can fix the price to the wholesaler to whom he sells direct.

But the law—the wise, thoughtful, highest court in the land—has left the matter now so that it looks very much as if he cannot sell to the wholesaler under a contract by which the wholesaler agrees to maintain the price to the retailer, or the retailer to maintain the price to the consumer.

Listen!

If the man wants to sell you direct, he can charge you a fixed price upon a fixed quality of article. You can take it or leave it. There are other razors—a whole field of competing razors.

But because the manufacturer is one who finds the best and cheapest system of distribution to be through wholesaler and retailer, the law says he cannot fix the price at which his razor finally is offered to you.

Here again the courts talk about "public policy" as a reason for the possible prohibition.

That is a nice round expression—"public policy."

## Driving a Senseless Idea Into a Corner

**L**ET us go out of the court room and into the business world, and leave theories and face conditions and see what "public policy" really demands—the public policy which has a bowing acquaintance with the needs of the manufacturers, big and small; the wholesalers, big and small; the retailers, big and small; and, above all, the needs of the consumer.

Before we continue any laws or pass any laws against these different classes—and, above all, against the right of the consumer to be protected from price cutting, and saved from the price knife, and insured a continuance of sound American merchandising methods, let us take a look at the consequences which follow upon mistaking the monopoly of names for the monopoly of things. Let us drive into a corner the senseless idea that the consumer suffers because a man who makes common razors wants to maintain his particular razor at his particular price.

Let us consider whether we have not acquired, in spite of all our fast-moving and sometimes abnormal economic development, certain national virtues of trade, and distinctive, honorable, and noteworthy customs of business which we would be sorry to lose by taking the wrong road on the price-maintenance question. Then let us come down to actual cases and see whether it is not true that the consumer himself is vitally concerned on the side of allowing any maker to say at what price, in a competitive market, his product shall be retailed.

A little over half a century ago American business was being conducted from top to bottom on the jockey-





ing, higgling, bartering basis. Manufacturers, as a general custom, were selling in one territory at prices higher than in others, discriminating in prices between individual customers, "trading out" orders. On the other end, the retailer was still a shopkeeper who regarded the customer with a "walk into my parlor," said the spider" attitude. The customer was prey. He was charged what he would pay. Competition between merchants was competition which was more exclusively based upon price, and did not emphasize, as there are now emphasized, "house" reputation, standard dealing, and service. The old principle of the common law, "caveat emptor"—let the buyer keep his eyes open, because the law says he takes the risk—had more of an application then than to-day.

### Is Merchandising to Retrograde?

**S**PECIALIZATION of industry—the development of manufacturing toward the point where a few rather than the many products, and a class rather than a diversity of products, were made by one plant or group of plants—began to make it imperative that loose trade methods be relinquished. It was no longer a question of what the maker could get from his customer by "trading"; it became rather a question of figuring manufacturing costs plus a certain profit, and then basing upon these figures the price. With the development of the field of manufacturing and its arts, the old era, when "a shoe was a shoe," and there was competition on prices, gave way to a new era, when special shoes were made for special purposes and shoes were made with individuality. Competition was no longer primarily on price; competition in America had evolved into competition on quality.

So also with the service a retail store rendered. It was a business volcano when A. T. Stewart, the great New York merchant, and the Hoveys in Boston announced that they were about to put into effect a "one-price-to-all" system of retailing goods. But these changes marked the beginning of a new commercial principle.

In America, Barter was being supplanted by Merchandising.

To-day, it is still true that in general the retailing method in foreign countries remains in the bartering class. To-day, it is still true that we retain full belief in a national business custom of one price, based upon cost and offered to the world without discrimination. Our national competition is a competition on quality. We have no cause for alarm about our national business as long as we have competition and as long as that competition leads toward the making of a better product. But it would be unfortunate if the "down with quality" competition were opened again and we began a retrogression toward the state which the law still recognizes in its maxim: "The buyer takes the risk; let him beware."

### Blows Aimed at Standardized Quality

**W**E HAD moved away from that unsavory principle. Business had become large enough so that a manufacturer who made a special product looked forward, not alone to selling this year a cheap, adulterated, or doctored article for the most he could get for it, but toward a succession of years during which he could build up a steady business, because a demand had been created for his standard article of "proved quality." The evolution of industry made a large investment necessary, not only in the plant itself, but in selling and building up a good will. It was to the interest of the manufacturer to put his name or his brand on his goods so that the consumer might know them from competing goods; it was to the interest of the consumer that any manufacturer should adopt a brand or put his name on goods because it was an evidence of good faith given to the buyer, no matter how remote, who was offered the goods. It tended to standardize quality and raise American business out of the "caveat emptor" class.

Instead of approving this tendency, however, our legislatures and courts, no doubt confusing the fixing of retail prices by a monopoly in a noncompetitive field with the fixing of retail prices by the maker of a competitive product in a competitive field, have been striking blows at our system of "good-faith quality," attempting to penalize the maker of products who goes to the consumer with a standardized product, identified by his name or his brand mark, and tending to reward the maker, wholesaler or retailer, who conducts the fly-by-night, trade-piracy, price-knifing quality-cutting type of business.

Follow the idea out in actual cases.

A publishing house has built up an individual reputation in a competitive market. The name of the house appears upon all its books. Among its books are those written by certain authors whose literary property in their works is unquestioned. The publishing house, in a competitive field, relies upon its reputation for procuring the right to publish the works

of good authors, for producing attractive, serviceable books. It has no means of saying to the public: "You must buy our books." It merely says: "We offer these books. We are trying to appeal to the tastes of readers, just as numbers of other houses make their appeal." It arranges to publish books at a certain cost, which, with a retailer's profit, shall reach the reader at a certain price. It spends large sums of money in advertising. It depends on numbers of retailers of books, whose exclusive business is the retailing of books. After the demand has been "reached" by the advertising investment these are the retailers who make distribution of the product.

But a department store installs a book department. The department store does not intend to sell books at a profit. It intends to conduct a book department at cost in order to attract into its store customers who will buy other goods at a profit—and sometimes at an unreasonable profit. The department store knifes the



price of the publishing house's books. The retailer of books up the street cannot compete. He cannot carry a stock of the reputable publishing house books. He "pushes" other books upon which there is a profit. The publishing house has to meet this situation. The better the reputation of this publishing house, the more advertising it has done; the larger the demand of the public for its distinctive quality of printing, papers, bindings, or authors, the more it is made a victim of this price-cutting dilemma. The department store has stolen the business good will of the publishing house, and, on top of that, it sells books at a price which gives the public the untrue fancy that the regular prices represented an undue profit.

To meet the situation the publishing house must either change its policy of building up a trade based on reputation or it may go to the lawmakers and the courts and say: "I want to protect myself. I want to be able to sell my product so that the buyers will agree to sell to the consumer at a price which is uniform. I have no monopoly of books. If you give me the right to fix resale prices, my competitors will still be able to undersell me or compete with me in quality and appeal to public demand. If you give me that right, you will protect me and the legitimate retailer as against the big store, the chain stores, or mail-order houses who use my books as 'come ons' and 'leaders.'"

### The Law Really Stifles Competition

**B**UT the law is leaning toward the point where it will say "No," and will add: "It is against public policy"—and, in fact, will punish the publishing house for adopting sound business methods and for building up a business in a competitive market based on satisfaction furnished to consumers.

Let there be no confusion on this point; the law very properly forbids publishing house A and publishing house B from agreeing to fix prices. No one objects to the law forbidding that, because it tends to suppress competition. But the law is doing a different thing if it forbids A, who competes with B, C, and D, from attaching a price to his product, which shall follow through any resale, until the consumer is reached by A's own and exclusive article of manufacture. And everyone should object to a law forbidding that, because the prohibition tends not to encourage competition but to stifle it.

Let us see how. A manufacturer of tooth paste believes in his product. He attaches his name or his trade-mark so that you and I may know that tooth

paste from other competing tooth pastes. We buy it, choosing it from among all other tooth pastes, because we learn that it has a quality. It costs a quarter. We pay the quarter because we want to. We prefer to pay a quarter for the Killgerm Paste rather than fifteen cents for the Bigtube Paste.

### Business Damaged by "Sales"

**B**UT now a chain of retail drug stores cuts the price—either as a "come on" to catch patrons or as a means of "knocking out" the small independent drug store. The "independents" cut the price lower, trying to compete. By and by there is no retail profit on Killgerm. The Jones Drug Company, Smith & Brown, Apothecaries, and Robinson, the Pharmacist, cease to carry Killgerm, or they "talk up" the inferior "pink mud" in the Bigtube, which yields a large retail profit at fifteen cents. The upshot of all this is that the Killgerm Company is punished for attempting to serve the public with "a good-faith quality." The combine of drug stores is given another knife to cut into little competitors.

Another actual case without the real names: A maker of men's hosiery sells the Hooft Hose to retail at 25 cents. He guarantees them to wear six months or money back. Does anyone have to wear the Hooft Hose? Not at all. If anybody is willing to pay 25 cents for Hooft quality, it is not because there are no other socks to buy; the market is flooded with competing socks. If there is any demand for Hooft, it is a demand which the Hooft has earned. Now comes a New York department store "featuring" Hooft Hose at 95 cents a half dozen. A consumer who likes Hooft and knows about the guarantee goes to the sale, buys half a dozen pair; while he is in the store he is tempted into buying six shirts marked at \$1.15 and worth \$1. The Hooft Hose was the bait. On each of the half dozen hose he "saved" 9 cents; on each of the half dozen shirts he was "out" 15 cents. When he arrived at home he found the usual guarantee slip had been taken off the socks. A man who found himself in this situation wrote the manufacturer. His letter says: "I phoned the department store. . . . They absolutely refuse to do anything about it, and simply say, as only 95 cents was paid, they could do nothing. In their ad in the papers it distinctly said they were \$1.50 quality; and they are in boxes with your trade-mark on the end. I am quite positive a firm like yours would not do such business. Very truly yours, L. B. C."

But the department-store-advised "sale" did not damage good will only; it damaged business. Retailers who carried the Hooft Hose in and around New York City began to complain. "How do you account for this advertising?" one storekeeper wrote the manufacturer. "How can we small dealers sell goods which are being advertised at smaller prices? Respectfully, Edward Kolb, Romney, New Jersey."

To such an extent has this evil of price knifing been conducted that sometimes even the more honest department stores find objection to branded goods because of the risk in handling them.

### Where the Consumer Comes In

**T**WO forms of argument have appeared on the other side. One is that before manufacturers of branded articles are allowed to fix the resale price of their products, they should first be compelled to put into effect a one-price system in their sales to jobbers or retailers. The claim is made that makers of branded goods discriminate between large and small distributors. In answer to this it may be pointed out that the modern tendency is to do away with such discriminations on the ground of good business policy. One of the largest brand-marked cereal companies in the country has found a great asset of good will in a "single-price-to-all" system. But the more complete answer is that evil trade practices between maker and distributor have little or nothing to do with the matter of price maintenance as between the maker, his agents and distributors, and the consumer.

The second form of argument is that makers of branded articles are often recipients of undue profits and that the price cutter is therefore a public benefactor. This, like many of the fallacies about price maintenance, overlooks the fact that where there is competition in articles serving the same purpose, prices are regulated by what the consumer chooses to pay for an article of standard quality. It is as much an offense to the consumer to cut the price, discredit the article, and tempt the maker to cut quality, as it would be for another retailer to raise the price in the hope of obtaining an unmerited profit. The consumer knows the branded product, and buys it at a fixed price in preference to other brands at the same or different prices. The price cutter, instead of being a consumer's benefactor, disturbs the ideal trade situation in which the consumer "knows what he is getting," and pays for what he wants a price which he is willing to pay. If the consumer buys an advertised standardized brand which competes with a field of like products, it is because he is convinced that he wants that specific article, carrying a trade-mark or maker's name as a guarantee of good-faith quality. If the advertising is honest, no one can better represent the con-

(Concluded on page 33)



# Heat Waves

By George Fitch

ILLUSTRATED BY RODNEY THOMSON

EVER since the glorious Fourth has been observed in this country there has been a marked advance in civilization, education, prosperity, happiness, and general good feeling. The alphabet commission at Niagara Falls should be urged to come to an agreement by to-day in order that Mexico may also celebrate the Fourth of July hereafter, and reap all the innumerable benefits of freedom at the cost of a few ruined fingers and burned thumbs per year.

## Seasonable Sonnets

### THE DENATURED FOURTH

When the red-coated tyrant held our land  
In his dread grip, our bold forefathers rose  
And smote him hip and thigh and likewise nose  
Till freedom bloomed and grew to beat the band.  
Ages have passed since Concord's mighty stand.  
Do we forget? Not much. Their bravery  
We laud each glorious Fourth with clap of hand;  
With silken banners and with sweet iced tea.  
Still are we valiant, brave, and eagle-free,  
Our orators proclaim—in voices soft  
Which wake no coglet sleeping peacefully,  
Safe on its listening mother's breast. Aloft  
The rude flag snaps and strains—fie on such noise  
That sets so poor a pattern for our boys.

## Mellen Food for Directors

FOR years we have heard a great deal about "High Finance" without knowing much about the meaning of the term. The late disclosures of Mr. Mellen, however, enable us to imagine with some slight accuracy the proceedings in a directors' meeting of a good old-fashioned railroad system running from Wall Street to Hades.

CHAIRMAN OF BOARD—C'm to order. Sec'll read min'ts. App'd. Moved'n s'ed that we buy the Jig-gestown & Western Railway. All'n favor—

FIRST DIRECTOR—How much will it cost?

CHAIRMAN—None of your business. Motion carried.

SECOND DIRECTOR—I see by the report that we have spent \$35,000,000 for the Solong & Elsewhere Railroad. Th' darn thing only cost \$5,000,000. Whad'd we spend all this for?

CHAIRMAN—Well, we had a chance to borrow the money, and if we hadn't the Central people would have borrowed it. All in favor of buying the Clam Bay Ferry say "Aye." Carried.

THIRD DIRECTOR—How much do we have to pay for it?

CHAIRMAN—How much have we got in the treasury?

TREASURER—About \$3,000,000, but the bank'll take some more second serial refunding equipment depreciation 6 per cent debentures.

CHAIRMAN—About two bushels of those 6 per cents ought to do.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Say. There isn't any Clam Bay Ferry. It burned down last year and we wouldn't let the ferryman rebuild it.

CHAIRMAN (angrily)—What'r you crabbing this game for? You don't know any more about finance than a rabbit. Anyway, I bought it last year, so dry up.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Did you pay for it at the time?

CHAIRMAN—I suppose so, but the owners are friends of ours and they need more money.

FIRST DIRECTOR—Just the same I don't think it's right to pay them twice.

CHAIRMAN—You big fool, we aren't paying them. We're just giving them bonds.

(Knock at the door.)

CHAIRMAN—Whaddye want?

GENERAL OPERATING SUPERINTENDENT (pokes head

in cautiously) — I'm sorry, sir, but we're awfully short of locomotives, sir. We can't run all our trains.

CHAIRMAN—Whaddye mean, man? We've got sents of locomotives. I ordered a thousand last year.

SUPERINTENDENT (very nervous) — I know, sir, but those New York gentlemen, sir, they've been playing poker with a ten-mogul limit. We can't keep the engines at all, sir. They took one off the limited last night, sir.

CHAIRMAN—They ought not to do that. You ought to stop 'em.

SUPERINTENDENT — Me! My God!

CHAIRMAN (much peeved) — That's a fine trick. It'll take a month to get more engines. We'll have to rent some. Move we buy 500 new engines. Carried. (To Superintendent) Now, you take care of these engines, d'ye hear? Don't fritter them away.

SUPERINTENDENT — But the gentlemen insist on using them for chips. Can't you speak to—Him? (Breathless pause. Chairman pales slightly.)

CHAIRMAN (gets bright idea) — I'll tell you what. You take the drivewheels off and keep them hidden. Tell 'em we got the stuff cheap and they held out on the drivewheels.

FIRST DIRECTOR (belligerently) — But how you going to run trains with no drivewheels? The people are kicking already.

CHAIRMAN (in deep disgust) — Argh, the people! You mean the agitators. We'll issue a statement saying that, owing to adverse legislation, we can't afford to buy equipment.



FIRST DIRECTOR—Say, we can't take care of our business now. We got to have more trains.

CHAIRMAN—Sit down. You give me a pain. We'll double the commutation rates. That ought to keep down business.

OTHER DIRECTORS—Fine idea.

CHAIRMAN—I have here a letter from a European banking house saying they'll take \$100,000,000 new bonds.

ALL—Hurrah.

CHAIRMAN—Moved'n carried, issue hund'r'd mill'n new bonds. Now, gentlemen, what shall we buy?

## Kansas—Blissfull and Wheatfull

OF ALL known degrees of bliss, the extra superlatively perfect degree can be found in Kansas just now. Never has there been so much wheat in the State before, and unless the tired earth turns over with a convulsive grunt and buries it, the crop will break all previous records by 50,000,000 bushels.

This means that the Kansas wheat farmers will gather in upward of \$125,000,000 in money this fall. Debts will be paid, business will boom, new farmhouses will spring up, barns will grow bigger and redder, automobile agents will work nights, tramps will have prosperity thrust upon them and the farmers' boys will go up to Manhattan (Riley County) by the thousands next year, armed with corpulent bank rolls, to study agriculture. Kansas is so happy that there aren't enough birds in the State to sing its joy and the thresher men are putting chime whistles on their engines.

Strange what varying significance a rainstorm has in various sections of the world. Rain is no great shakes in New York or even Illinois. It is a part of the general program and is only noticed when it fails to show up for two months. But as soon as Kansas has taken its first anxious look at the wheat fields sprouting green in the early spring it begins to watch the heavens.

One big rain means some wheat. Two soakers

mean a fair crop; and a third deluge means canceled mortgages, bank accounts, new pianos for the parlors, trips to Europe, a year of auriferous joy.

They say one rainstorm added 25,000,000 bushels to the wheat crop of Kansas in May.

New York puts up half a million a year for grand opera, but a peal of thunder is music in Kansas which would make Caruso's tones sound like mournful bleats. In Kansas it can rain all day Saturday and Sunday, and not one golf player will say "Drat the Luck!"

## Churched!

SLOWLY tobacco seems to be winning its way in the churches. Apparently it has been for many years a part of the ritual of the Episcopal Church—at least we have seldom seen an Episcopal rector unaccompanied by a cigar. And recently the use of tobacco by Methodist ministers in the South was forbidden by a majority of only two votes out of 234. We may yet see the day when the customer at a church supper who finds an oyster in his soup will be entitled to a good cigar.

## Spelled Down

AS AN evidence of the progress of education in our leading colleges and universities, we submit the news that the freshman spelling team of Knox College defeated the Lombard College team last month in an exciting contest, the losers taking the count on the word "subterranean" amid tremendous applause.

## Our Golf Department

### Conducted for the Weak and Helpless

A MAGNIFICENT victory for the cause of the Dub Golfers has been won in an Eastern city. A veteran player whose driver was taken away from him by an eighteen-year-old boy who attempted to give him a few lessons was acquitted of the charge of assault. This is splendid news for those unfortunate players who have suffered so severely from advice during the last few years.

Preparations for the first annual tournament of Dub Golfers are already under way. The course has not yet been selected, but the nine-hole course in Jackson Park, Chicago, is favorably mentioned. It is about 1,800 yards in length and the only hazard is Lake Michigan.

A Miami, Fla., golfer who has spent as many as thirteen strokes in a bunker under the old system has invented a new club for use in a sand pit. It is short and thick, and is shaped like a shovel. With this club the inventor has succeeded in putting four pounds of sand, three large stones, and the ball itself on the green at a distance of thirty yards in a single stroke.

## Answers to Correspondents

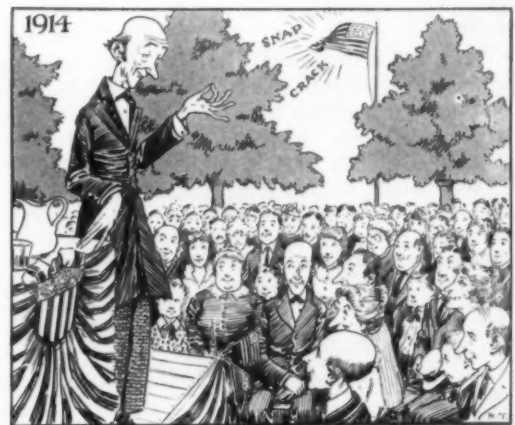
Discouraged, New Orleans.—If you took 25 strokes for a 350-yard hole, there must be something wrong with your game. Do you keep one foot on the ground while driving?

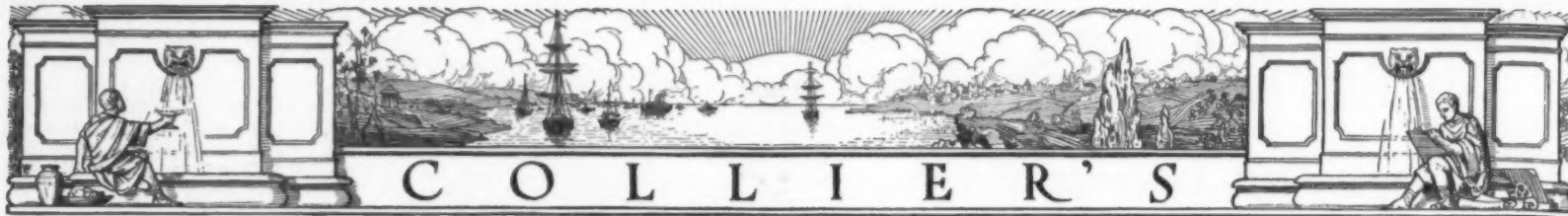
G. B. S., Indianapolis. If you played your approach into a baby carriage beyond the green, your opponent has a right to make you play it out. On the other hand you have a right to buy the carriage and wheel it onto the green before upsetting it. A baby carriage is a movable hazard.

F. R. B., New York. Golf rules were invented by the Scotch, who do not trust each other even in the smallest details. If you touched the ball when you didn't intend to, it should be charged off against the last time you didn't hit the ball when you intended to.



1776





### The Day and the Flag

**T**HE FOURTH OF JULY is, above all others, the day of our flag—"the flag that is like a flower," as the Chinese said when our banner was seen at Canton. The spirit of day and flag alike has never been more beautifully expressed than in these lines from the speech that Secretary of the Interior FRANKLIN K. LANE made to the clerks of his department on Flag Day:

Then came a great shout from the flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the ralls together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of to-morrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

In "Who's Who in America," Secretary LANE's biography begins like this: "Born Prince Edward Island, Canada, July 15, 1864. . . . Removed to California in early childhood; educated at the University of California, 1886." Secretary LANE is an American.

### Good Appointments, These

**P**RESIDENT WILSON'S appointments to the Federal Reserve Board are beyond reproach. Few men have the combination of scholarship and experience possessed by Mr. WARBURG, and none could approach a public service with a higher devotion to the public good. The other appointments are, according to the testimony of those who know the men, equally high. Many acts of Mr. WILSON'S Administration have been such as to excite enthusiasm for his high standards, none more than these appointments. They constitute a fitting perfection to what is probably, considering its intricacy, the best devised and most intelligently worked-out piece of important legislation that has been passed in Washington in more than a decade. For the quality and value of the currency bill, credit is due almost wholly to the high intelligence and steady hard work of President WILSON. It is a pity that, in execution, it is going to be slightly marred by the favoritism and arbitrariness shown in the selection of reserve cities by Secretary McADOO and Mr. JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS.

### The Achilles Heel

**T**HE VULNERABLE POINT of the Democratic party in the Congressional elections this fall lies in the following quotation from their platform of 1912:

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to the simplicity and economy which befits a democratic government.

In the face of this plank the present Democratic Congress has been the most wantonly wasteful in the history of the Federal Government. If we were in charge of the anti-Democratic campaign this fall we would set the statisticians and the investigators busy upon the Democratic "pork" bills and confine our campaign to them alone. It wasn't merely wanton wastefulness. It comes near being larceny on the part of individual members, for they are taking the money with a private motive—to buy their way back to Congress with public money.

### An Ancient Wail

**T**HE ABLE CALAMITY HOWLERS who are twisting facts about tariffs and trade balances to make it appear that this country is hell-bent are urged by a correspondent of ours, Dr. H. C. MYERS of Spokane, Wash., to read the "Ladies' Repository" for June, 1853. The article is entitled "Speculation, Opulence, Beggary":

A Wall Street journal thus discourses: "Real estate rising daily, the poor man becoming poorer, and the rich one gloating over rising rents and an increased price for those articles necessary to life. This is called a prosperous and healthy state of things. Never in our life have we seen beggars so staring us in the face on each corner—our streets swarm with them; while our public thoroughfares are crowded with carriages and finery bought with paper; our fashionables squandering paper on those who want it least; houses built for princes rather than republicans; extravagances rampant; city railroads sold by a venal, corrupt, and

so self-admitted corporation, composed of the worst class of our citizens—a government whose imbecility is portrayed by the press, both friend and foe; millions on millions of credit piled up; indebtedness abroad daily increasing; exchange above the specie point; falsehood in every financial press, with few exceptions; our imports exceeding by millions our exports; and still we are sometimes asked, why are you a bear? While admitting, for we see it daily before us, the growing wealth of our country, the increased receipts of our great railroad lines—we know its noble destiny—we also know the base of the fabric is paper; the architect, the mob; the structure, artificial. It is hard to oppose the current—a dead fish cannot; but we, being alive, troutlike, will attempt to swim upstream."

And the swimming has been notably good since 1853. What does Dr. MYERS think of Representative HUMPHREY of his own State? Our own thought is that Mr. HUMPHREY would have done his State credit in Congress—about 1853.

### A Prodigy

**Y**EAR AFTER YEAR, season after season, we have waited for it to happen, hoping against hope, almost despairing that it could ever occur. But at last the ball dispatches of June, in the year of our LORD 1914, have brought the glad tidings. A ball game between Washington and St. Louis was the scene of the great event:

ERNE WALKER [of the St. Louis Browns] was presented with a floral tribute and immediately hit to center for a home run.

And yet they say the day of miracles is past!

### Friends in the Dark

**O**UR CRITICISMS of LORIMER's friend, GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, as president of a little college at Marietta, Ohio, have drawn a number of letters from his friends, one of the more pungent being addressed to the "Idiotorial Department, the Pro Bumo Publico Magazine":

Your malicious mud slinging at the former editor of the Chicago "Inter Ocean" is extremely funny; it reminds me of a cockroach attacking a lion. GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, when editor of C. L., was known as one of the few brilliant journalists of this country, a man whose scholarly and keen intellect was too rare for an editor of an American paper to make his paper a financial success; up to the present America has still a rural conception not only of morals but of all phases of civilization.

Cheers! We hope that this "rural conception of morality" will last a great while longer than HINMAN or our own "Idiotorial Department"—but we have a question to ask: Why do all HINMAN's friends neglect to sign their names to the letters they write us? We have had several, and we have wanted to print them in evidence of fair-mindedness—but the names are never given, and the fragment above is all that is decently enough written to go into a family paper.

### If

**I**F A MAJORITY of the voters of the United States cast their ballots this fall in favor of Democratic candidates for Congress, it will be solely upon the theory that the best way to run the United States is to provide WOODROW WILSON with a sufficient number of pawns to do with exactly as he wishes. What has been worth while in the history of the present Congress has been done almost wholly on the President's initiative and insistence.

### Getting Down to Business

**A** DISCUSSION of one of the most important points relative to the pending antitrust legislation at Washington is Mr. RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD's article, "The Price Knife and the Law," in this issue. Mr. CHILD has ably presented the view which is commonly associated with its foremost advocate, Mr. LOUIS D. BRANDEIS.

### A Vindicated Brow

**W**HO IS FOREMOST of the artists of the last quarter century?

WHISTLER, MONET, and CÉZANNE might suggest themselves to some of us as candidates, or possibly one of the Spaniards, SOROLLA or ZULOAGA; but the New York "Evening Journal" unhesitatingly discards them all and picks HARRISON FISHER. The choice may not win the unanimous approval of the world's art critics, yet there is a sense in which the "Evening Journal" is right as a fox. For no artist of the last quarter century has finished off Mr. HEARST with more artistic neatness and dispatch than Mr. FISHER did the other day. With no apparent provocation, the "Evening Journal" leaped upon a caricature of HARRISON FISHER (copyrighted property of the McClure publications) and printed above it "Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company," and below it "Too MUCH FACE—Too LITTLE BRAIN." Mr. FISHER was not named in the editorial, but the picture was in current circulation, and no one who knew the victim or had seen





the drawing could fail to know at whom the thrust was aimed when Sir Oracle BRISBANE, he of the towering forehead, wrote:

It is, of course, a caricature, but serves well as an illustration. This is one of the best instances we have ever seen of too much face and too little thinking machinery. . . . And you can tell fairly well what a man amounts to by looking at his face as you look at this picture, and deciding for yourself how much of the head you look at is face and how much is thinking machinery.

Crool woids, them—but soon to be unwritten! Through sixty or seventy editions the following day the "Evening Journal" carried a fulsome puff of HARRISON FISHER, past, present, and future. It occupied all of a full page but space enough for two sticks of city news and a couple of patent-medicine advertisements. The headline screamed:

"HARRISON FISHER MAKES THE WORLD SEE THE RADIANT, ELUSIVE BEAUTY OF THE AMERICAN GIRL." The text described HARRISON FISHER as "foremost of the artists of the last quarter century," with a fame not of the United States alone, but world-wide. "It has come to be said," we see by the "Evening Journal," "that 'circumstances created the American man, but HARRISON FISHER created the American girl.'" If we were in HARRISON FISHER'S place, we wouldn't torture ALSORANDOLPH any longer. Yours is the last chortle, Mr. FISHER—"Let 'im up! He's all cut!"

#### Keep Off the Grass!

NOW that the open season for wrecking parks is on, we would like to point out that those who steal flowers, break shrubs, and trample grass are precisely on a moral level with the franchise grabbers and contract robbers who also infest our cities. Both sorts put the law aside for their own selfish purposes, both prefer their own mean immediate advantage to the common welfare. One set of rascals is bigger than the other, but we will have to get rid of both before our cities are really good places to live in.

#### The Man from the Machine

THE BEST DESCRIPTION of HENRY FORD of Detroit so far printed is the interview with him included in Mr. STREET'S article in this issue. Mr. STREET'S work in this case is entitled to the overworked but useful phrase: a human document.

#### Stenography and Style

DOES THE DICTATION HABIT tend to a loose and wandering style? The slovenly multiplicity of our business correspondence is a favorite topic among efficiency engineers. This blight is now invading the very citadels of our intellectual life. Has anyone, anywhere, at any time, seen a worse sentence than this?

He was wise enough to see this, and it is an extremely convincing fact that while the announcement of his purpose to provide the largest single foundation which has ever been left by any one man for professional training in his own calling—so that the Pulitzer foundation stands alone in this respect, without any other example or instance in the whole round of beneficent gifts during the last century, while this announcement was received with doubt, with some derision and much skepticism a decade ago when it was first proposed, now that the school is to be opened, the widespread announcement of the first steps of its organization and the selection of its head has had this year from the press of the country an approval, an acceptance, and a readiness to support with sympathy and encouragement the new step such as never attended any previous proposal for the training of the journalist in the history of the calling, short though these annals be.

Yet the able and learned man who did this is teaching others to write, and on a large scale at that, being none other than Dr. TALCOTT WILLIAMS, Dean of the Joseph Pulitzer School of Journalism in Columbia University. The example quoted stands (or sprawls) on pages 237 and 238 of the Columbia University Quarterly, Vol. XIV, No. 3.

#### Men and Women: Human Beings

WE HAVE COMMENTED on the loose "nature-faker" generalizations which are bandied about concerning the "sex question." The most nonsensical of these lunacies are those perpetrated concerning men by overwrought women, and those got off about women by complacent men. For example, Mr. OWEN JOHNSON, fiction-writing son of a man of letters, author of the new gospel that you may wallow in pitch and be profited, not defiled, whose novels are almost as interesting as scandalous gossip—Mr. OWEN JOHNSON comes forward with this sweet new bit of amateur sociology:

Man has in him certain deeply grained intuitions toward order from the fact that he is a creator and an impelling force in life, even when he is no longer under the discipline of religion, and comes naturally toward a formation of rules and standards which give him the discipline he himself needs to enforce discipline upon others.

Woman, on the other hand, due to the fact that for centuries she has been almost a benevolent parasite, has in her very little natural instinct for order. To her religion has brought the necessary element of stability in her various attitudes toward the duties and responsibilities of life. For ages this has been her bulwark, her defense against the world, and her protection from herself.

There is just enough truth here to make the untruth really offensive. If the "successful" author would leave "his sitting room at the Vanderbilt Hotel" long enough to take a few observations, he might learn that to attempt to explain things by wholesale is merely to be the more mistaken. People are orderly as individuals, not just by sex. And we should really like

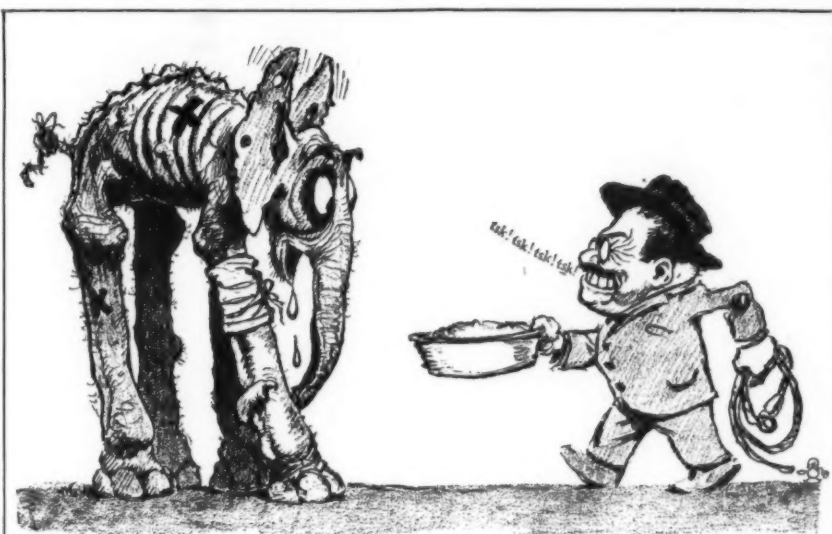
to see Mr. OWEN JOHNSON tell his grandmother that she was "almost a benevolent parasite." That is such an impudent, unmannerly falsehood!

#### More Than a Joke

"OF COURSE I'm open to conviction," remarked a charming lady in the course of some trivial discussion, "but I'd just like to see the person who could convince me." She was tossing off an idle pleasantry. But we have never heard any one sentence which so completely reflects the attitude of all reactionaries.

#### The Golden Hour

PSYCHOLOGISTS have scrutinized it, philosophers have discoursed upon it, cynics have sneered at it, bigots have thundered against it, artists have painted it, poets have rhapsodized over it. Yet no one has ever completely caught it—this hour of radiant girlhood. And naturally enough, for it is the most intangible and fleeting hour in all life. It marks the passing forever of the days of dear mud pies and dolls. And a great poet has hinted that with the relinquishment of childhood come the shades of the prison house. But was he not wrong? Is not rather this young girlhood the span which seems to catch and mingle for one magic instant the unreasoning blitheness of childhood with the tenderness of maturity? And the vivid and vital young girl herself—what shall be said of her? Shall one emphasize the mere external details—the lengthening of dresses and the looping up of hair, or the host of interchanged confidences with girl friends, or the comradeships with boys which now suddenly become tinged with all manner of moonshine and innocent coquetties, or the romantic dreams, or the first actual romance—in truth, a passing trifle, but filling the sky for the moment and never quite forgotten? No one of those will make the picture: it needs a little of all. Neither poet nor pedant can analyze the fragrant charm of girlhood, and in that very fact lies the real secret of its charm. Surely here is the quintessence of all living beauty, this golden instant when the dreams of youth come their nearest to fulfillment. By the mere sight of it the whole workaday world is enriched.



#### Easier Hunting

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

# COMMENT ON CONGRESS

**S**ENATOR ROOT raised a broader and more pressing question of public moment than is commonly suspected when he asked in the Senate whether our methods of transacting public business are not breaking down; whether our arrangement for the discharge of our duties [in the Senate] does not imperatively demand revision; whether the business of the country is not becoming so vast and complicated that we must have new parliamentary institutions within these bodies of Congress for the performance of our duty?

Senator Chamberlain immediately expressed his entire accord with the sentiment. "It has been almost a physical impossibility," he told the Senate, "to get the Public Lands Committee together. It is a very large committee, and we never have a full committee meeting." Senator Fall said: "I can say the same thing of other committees of the Senate, and I can say the same thing of the Committee on Mines and Mining." Senator Smith bore testimony: "Senators have to serve on too many committees. There is the whole folly of the present organization. I am a member of six or seven committees, and two of the most important meet on the same day." Senator Clapp thought the vice lay in the inordinate size of committees and the growing tendency to accommodate Senators by constantly increasing the membership. Senator Lane thought the present method "such that it would bankrupt a barber shop." He compared the veneration and respect the Senate feels for its committee system to the sacred bulls of India, "which go about eating up all the cabbages of the poor people, and it ought to be knocked on the nose and jarred loose." The truth is that both the Senate and the Lower House are swamped with the amount of work they have to do. Practically every Senator is conscientious in fidelity to work and public duty—indeed, several deaths that have occurred in the Senate during recent years are generally attributed to overwork. Congress has been in session a longer time during the past four years than in any similar period of history.

## A Possibility

**T**HE serious impeding of public business which Senator Root describes is one of the most obvious conditions to be observed at Washington. In his last few words he hints at some fundamental change in our form of government. Whether that will come in the near future remains to be seen. Everybody at Washington is agreed that the country has had about as many innovations and fundamental changes in the recent past as it can well digest for a few years to come. The general feeling is that reform and change will not be popular in the near future. And yet a constitutional convention or some form of revision of the form of government is by no means impossible. It is believed that President Wilson realizes that time has made some of our forms unnecessarily cumbersome, and would be entirely willing to initiate the call for such a constitutional conven-

tion if he felt the demand for it to be strong enough.

## The President's Share

**O**NE of the chief present causes for delay in the expediting of the public business is the manner in which President Wilson insists upon dominating what is done. At the beginning of his Administration he had laid out a program which could well have been completed within two years but for the fact that the Mexican problem intervened. President Wilson himself initiates all the important legislation and performs the work of substantially shaping the bills, work which in other administrations is left to the proper committees of the Senate and House. This is a very great tax on the President's time and strength. He would have been able to do it well enough but for the demands on his time and vitality which have been made by the unexpected complications in Mexico.

## A Serious Matter

**O**NE who is well informed about the shipments of arms to the Mexican combatants says there are more rifles in Mexico to-day than in the United States.

## It's a Grave World

**T**HE absence of humor and of a sense of humor is a marked characteristic of this Congress. Never has the public business been taken so seriously. There is not a recognized humorist at Washington. There has always been at least one professed humorist in the House and the Senate, but aspirants for that job in the present posture of affairs have no materials upon which to work. It isn't the present fashion to regard anything lightly or humorously. While "life is real, life is earnest," anybody who makes a joke is subject to suspicion. As most things do in Washington at the present time, the responsibility for this comes back to the President. As he discloses himself in his public formal aspect, his demeanor is serious. In his private life and his hours of ease he is reputed to have a proper sense of humor, but of this side of his character political Washington knows nothing.

Mr. Wilson is not to be blamed for not emphasizing the lighter aspect of public

affairs. While there may be need, there is no occasion for humor. With foreign affairs shaping as they are, and the ever-present overshadowing Mexican problem, the humorous aspect would not betray itself to any man who did not have Lincoln's profound philosophy.

## If We Should Fight

**W**ILLIAM KENT, Representative of California, "can claim knowledge of and a sympathy with the common everyday people, whom we vaguely know and often despise as peons." Mr. Kent offers this contribution to the solution of the Mexican problem:

If we can have ten years more of peace, I believe the Mexicans will come to be friendly with us. I cannot tolerate the thought of war with these people, looked at either from our viewpoint or theirs. Thousands of our soldiers would be killed by a people fully armed, incompetent in many warlike ways, but a people in a fighting state of mind. We all know that, psychologically, as between a man who is mentally in a state of peace and a man who is mentally in a state of war, you can shoot the latter through the heart, and before he falls he will kill his adversary, whereas the man who is mentally peaceful will quit with the slightest wound. Those people are excited; as we cow-punchers say, they are 'on the prod.' They have arms which they did not have until recently, and as long as their ammunition holds out they will make a desperate fight, and it will be a war of miserable reprisals. If we fight, it will be against a people who do not know civilized methods of war, and who can blame them for not understanding the absurd refinements of murder?

## In the Olden Time

**M**EMBERS of Congress store away curious and interesting facts in their minds and repeat them on occasion, garnished with sound platitudes. Old Mr. Payne of New York, assistant maker of an unpopular tariff bill and the oldest man in the House in point of service, some time ago, while the House was talking about taxation in the District of Columbia, remembered

when our present great Secretary of State broke into Washington as a member of Congress. The fact was announced that Vanderbilt was putting two front doors on his house that cost \$100,000 apiece, and Mr. Bryan thought it was an awful waste of money. I said no, the bronze and other materials in those doors cost a very few paltry dollars, and the other part of the \$75,000 or \$100,000 went to labor. I think that is the best way to help the laborer, to give him something to do, and the more money they spend in that way the better I like it, because it helps to scatter that money among the poor and deserving people. The best way to help a man is to give him some work to do and pay him well for doing the work.

No exception was taken to this very human political economy.

How many persons besides Mr. Borland of Missouri can recall offhand Louisa M. Alcott's description of the physical appearance of Washington in 1874? Mr. Borland, while telling the House what he knew about taxation in the District, brought in his remembrance of how Miss Alcott "described in detail the pigs she met on Pennsylvania Avenue, and their individual traits and habits." And the cows still fed in Lafayette Square.

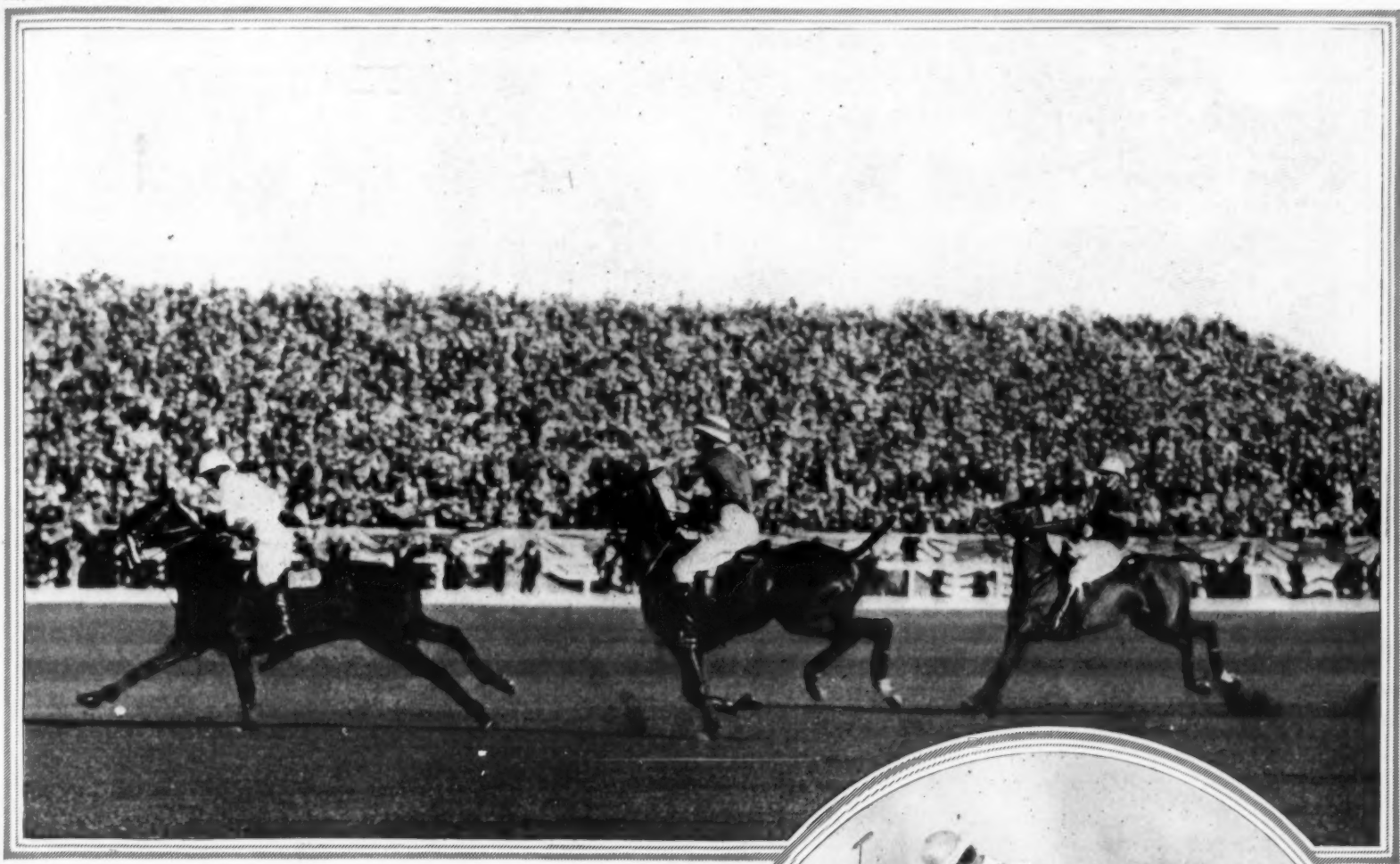
## THE RECORDS OF CONGRESSMEN

**F**OUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelection. The best basis for determining whether they should be elected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish and address

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,  
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.



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### "The Grandest Polo Game Ever Played!"

AFTER winning the second and final game the other day in the international polo contest at Meadow Brook, Long Island, Lord Wimborne's team cabled this message back to England: "We are coming home with the cup after the grandest game of polo ever played!" They may have exaggerated a little, but they did not go far beyond the popular verdict. The game gave a crowd of 35,000 people all the thrills they were looking for. The first game was easily won by the Englishmen, but in the second the Americans gave them the fight of their lives. The cup defenders—R. La Montagne, J. M. Waterbury (captain), Lawrence Waterbury, and Devereux Milburn—did marvelous work, but the British army men—Captain H. A. Tompkinson, Captain Leslie St. George Cheape, Major F. W. Barrett (team captain), and Captain Vivian Lockett—equaled the Americans for speed and surpassed them in teamwork. All the players covered themselves with glory, but Cap-

tain Cheape and Mr. Milburn got a little more applause than the others.

In the photograph above, Milburn, the American back, is carrying the ball down the field toward the English goal posts in the second game and is being chased by Captain Cheape (center) and Captain Tompkinson. The picture in the circle shows J. M. Waterbury in action.

The score of the first game was  $8\frac{1}{2}$  to 3, and the second was 4 to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ . The American team will be reorganized before it challenges the British team, as the Waterbury brothers say they will retire from the "Big Four." England won the championship in 1886 and held it twenty-three years. Then the Americans won it back and held it five years. They are counting on bringing the cup back across the Atlantic in less than five years, while the Englishmen are equally confident of future victories.

The 1914 tournament was a financial success. The box-office receipts for the two games are said to have been \$200,000.



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### Women's Clubdom Goes Over to the Suffrage Cause

THE long fight over the suffrage question in the General Federation of Women's Clubs is over. The equal-rights advocates worked hard for twenty years to convert the national organization to their way of thinking, and the victory was won on June 13 at the biennial convention at Chicago. Practically every State delegation voted for the resolution. A few weakly voiced "noes" came from individuals when the vote was taken, and nobody attempted to speak against the measure. The triumph was due largely to a radical change of sentiment in the Southern States since the last biennial convention. Prominent clubwomen who had been strongly opposed to the political-equality movement were among its chief supporters this year. Our photograph shows the president, Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker of Austin, Tex., calling the convention to order. She was re-elected without opposition and the regular ticket for other offices was chosen.



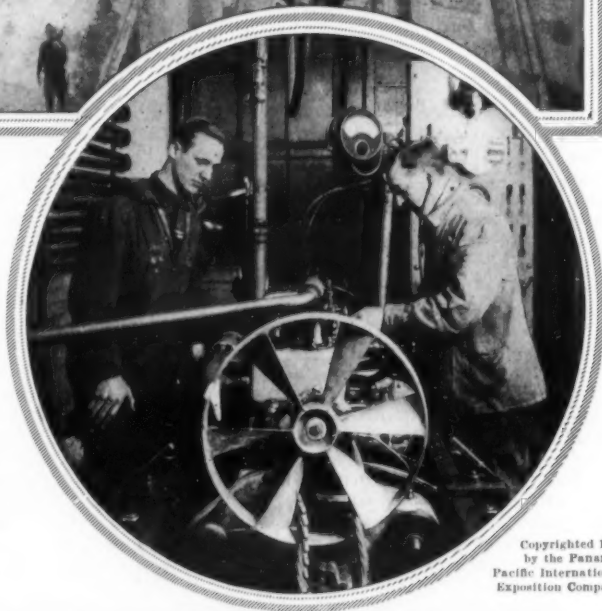
### The First Liner Through Gatun Locks

THE snapshot above shows the *Alliança* of the Panama Line on the first trip ever made through Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal by an ocean liner. She is leaving the upper west chamber on her way to Gatun Lake on the Pacific side of the Divide. The ascent from the sea level to Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet, took an hour and twenty-four minutes. The return trip was about ten minutes longer. The *Alliança* is a small steamer—she had a gross tonnage of only 4,000 when on June 8 she went through the locks—but the test was as good as if she had been one of the biggest liners afloat. The experimental trip was to try out the electrical towing machines, which were operated with the accuracy of a perfectly

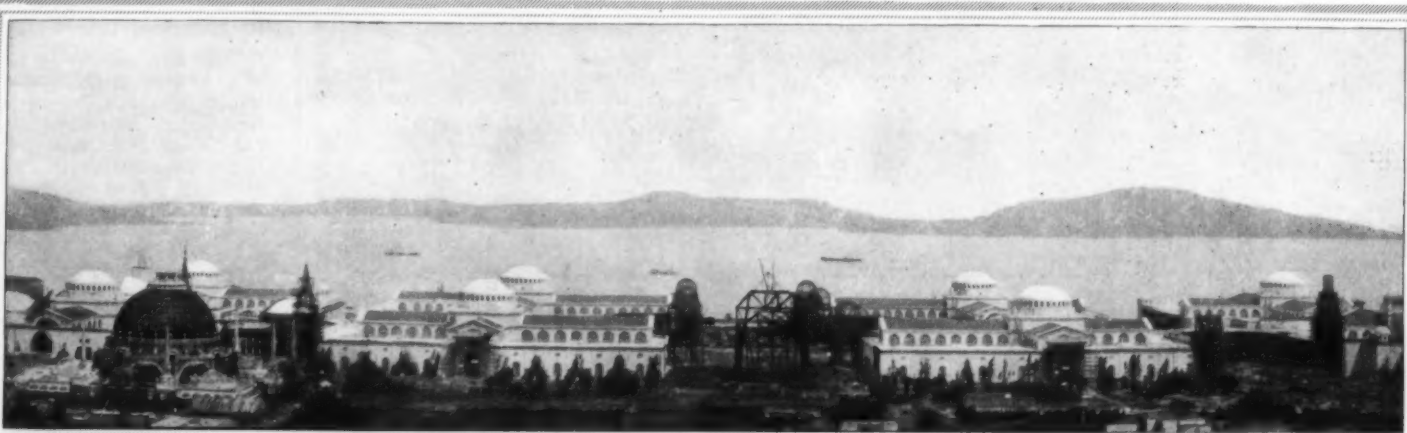
regulated clock. But the speed with which this test was made is not regarded as indicative of the time required to take a bigger ship through the locks.

### Finding Motor Trouble with a Lung Tester

THE motor-car makers have borrowed a good idea from the medical profession. They are using the stethoscope to detect irregularities in the workings of automobile engines. The factory instrument which is being applied to an engine by the man at the right in the circle is essentially the same as the stethoscope used by doctors in testing the lungs and other internal organs of the human body.



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Pacific International  
Exposition Company



THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IS 85 PER CENT COMPLETE.—Eight of the finished buildings are shown in this photograph. The four facing the harbor, left to right, are the palaces of Food Products, Agriculture, Transportation, and Mines. Again proceeding from left to right: Education, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries. The domes of the paralleling exhibition buildings are 160 feet above the floors. The large structure in the foreground (left) is the Palace of Horticulture, whose dome is 136 feet high and 152 feet in diameter. The steel framework in the center is for the 435-foot Tower of Jewels



## Detroit the Dynamic

(Continued from page 10)

Detroit Museum of Art, Baedeker bursts into black-faced type, and even adds an asterisk, his mark of special commendation. Also a considerable reference is made to various collections contained by the museum: the Scripps collection of old masters, the Stearns collection of Oriental curiosities, a painting by Rubens, drawings by Raphael and Michelangelo, and a great many works attributed to ancient Italian and Dutch masters. "The museum also contains," says Baedeker, "modern paintings by Gari Melchers, Munkacsy, Tryon, F. D. Millet, and others."

I have quoted Baedeker as above, because it reveals the bald fact with regard to art in Detroit; also because it reveals the even balder fact that our blessed old friend Baedeker, who has helped us all so much, can, when he cuts loose on art, make himself exquisitely ridiculous.

### The Art in One Man's Head

THE truth is, of course, that Mr. Freer's gallery is not merely the "finest private gallery in Detroit"; not merely the finest gallery of any kind in Detroit; but that it is one of the exceedingly important collections of the world, just as Mr. Freer is one of the world's exceedingly important authorities on art. Indeed, any town which contains Mr. Freer—even if he is only stopping overnight in a hotel—becomes by grace of his presence an important art center for the time being. His mere presence is sufficient. For in Mr. Freer's head there is more art than is contained in many a museum. He was the man whom, above all others in Detroit, we wished to see. (And that is no disparagement of Henry Ford!)

Once in a long, long time it is given to the average human being to make contact for a brief space with some other human being far above the average—a man who knows one thing supremely well. I have met six such men: a surgeon, a musician, an author, an actor, a painter, and Mr. Charles L. Freer.

I do not know much of Mr. Freer's history. He was not born in Detroit, though it was there that he made the fortune which enabled him to retire from business. It is surprising enough to hear of an American business man willing to retire in the prime of life. You expect that in Europe, not here. And it is still more surprising when that American business man begins to devote to art the same energy which made him a success financially. Few would want to do that; fewer could. By the time the average successful man has wrung from the world a few hundred thousand dollars, he is fit for nothing else. He has become a wringer and must remain one always.

### A Real Job for a Biographer

OF course rich men collect pictures. I'm not denying that. But they do it, generally, for the same reason they collect butlers and footmen—because tradition says it is the proper thing to do. And I have observed in the course of my meanderings that they are almost invariably better judges of butlers than of paintings. That is because their butlers are really and truly more important to them—excepting as their paintings have financial value. Still, if the world is full of so-called art collectors who don't know what they're doing, let us not think of them too harshly, for there are also painters who do not know what they are doing, and it is necessary that some one should support them. Otherwise they would starve, and a bad painter should not have to do that—starvation being an honor reserved by tradition for the truly great.

Very keenly I feel the futility of an attempt to tell of Mr. Freer in a few paragraphs. He should be dealt with as Mark Twain was dealt with by that prince of biographers, Albert Bigelow Paine; some one should live with him through the remainder of his life—always sympathetic and appreciative, always ready to draw him out, always with a notebook. It should be some one just like Paine, and as there isn't some one just like Paine, it should be Paine himself. Probably as a development of his original interest in Whistler, Mr. Freer has, of late years, devoted himself almost entirely to ancient Oriental art—both paintings and ceramics. The very rumor that in some little town in the interior of China was an old vase finer than any other known vase of the kind, has been enough to set him travelling.

Many of his greatest treasures he has unearthed, bargained for and acquired at first hand, in remote parts of the globe. He bearded Whistler in his den—that is a story by itself. He purchased Whistler's famous Peacock Room, brought it to this country and set it up in his own house. He traveled on elephant-back through the jungles of Java in search of buried temples. Now he will be pursuing a pair of mysterious porcelains around the earth, catching up with them in China, losing them, finding them again in Japan, or in New York, or Paris; now discovering in some unheard-of Chinese town a venerable masterpiece, painted on silk, which has been rolled into a ball for a child's plaything. The placid pleasures of conventional collecting, through the dealers, is not the thing that Mr. Freer loves. He loves the chase.

You should see him handle his ceramics. You should hear him talk of them! He knows. And though you do not know, you know he knows. More, he is willing to explain. For, though his intolerance is great, it is not directed so much at honest ignorance as against meretricious art.

### Drunk with the Esthetic

THE names of Chinese painters, of emperors who practiced art, of dynasties covering thousands of years, of biblical periods, flow kindly from his lips:

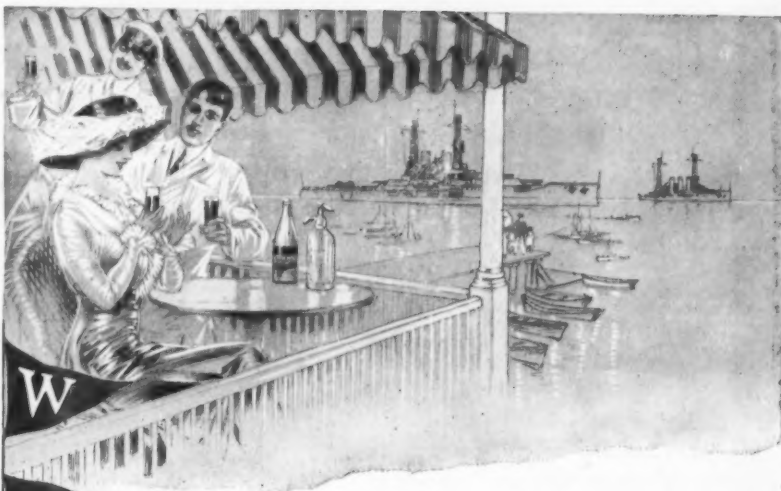
"This dish is Grecian. It was made five hundred years before the birth of Christ. . . . This is a Chinese marble, but you see it has a Persian scroll in high relief. . . . And this bronze urn: it is perhaps the oldest piece I have—about four thousand years—it is Chinese. But do you see this border on it? Perfect Greek! Where did the Chinese get that? . . . Art is universal. We may call an object Greek, or Roman, or Assyrian, or Chinese, or Japanese, but as we begin to understand, we find that other races had the same thing—identical forms and designs. Take, for example this painting of Whistler's, 'The Gold Screen.' You see he uses the Tosa design. The Tosa was used in Japan in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and down to about twenty years ago. But there wasn't a single example of it in Europe in 1864, when Whistler painted 'The Gold Screen'; and Whistler had not been to the Orient. Then, where did he get the Tosa design? . . . He invented it. It came to him because he was a great artist, and art is universal. . . ."

It was like that—the spirit of it. And you must imagine the words spoken with measured distinctness in a deep, resonant voice by a man with whom art is a religion and the pursuit of it a passion. He has a nature full of fire. At the mention of the name of the late J. P. Morgan, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or of certain Chinese painters of the distant past, a sort of holy flame of admiration rose and kindled in him. His contempt is also fire. A minor eruption occurred when the automobile industry was spoken of; a Vesuvian flare which reddened the sky and left the commercialism of the city in smoking ruins. But it was not until I chanced to mention the Detroit Museum of Art—an institution of which Mr. Freer strongly disapproves—that the great outburst came. His wrath was like an overpowering revolt of nature. A whirlwind of tempestuous fire mounted to the heavens and the museum emerged a clinker.

He went to our heads. We four who saw and heard him, left Mr. Freer's house drunk with the esthetic. Even the flooding knowledge of our own barbarian ignorance was not enough to sober us. Some of the flame had gotten into us. It was like old brandy. We waved our arms and cried out about art. For there is in a truly big human being—especially in one old enough to have seemed to gain perspective on the universe—some quality which touches something in us that nothing else can ever reach. It is something which is not admiration only, nor vague longing to emulate, nor a quickened comprehension of the immensity of things; something emotional and spiritual and strange and indescribable which seems to set our souls to singing.

### Lost to Detroit

THE Freer collection will go, ultimately, to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, a fact which is the cause of deep regret to many persons in



## The drink that needs no chaperon

Welch's Grape Juice is such a drink. Its rich color appeals to the eye; its fruity flavor delights the palate. And with its good qualities are mingled no "after effects."

Welch's solves the beverage problem. If your thirst or your fancy demands more than the "aqua pura" of Nature, you can get Nature's best fruit drink, AT its best in

# Welch's

"The National Drink"

When traveling or away from home you naturally take extra precaution in what you drink. It is then especially that you come to appreciate Welch's, now so generally available.

The purity of Welch's makes it absolutely safe for young and old, and if you have discovered but a part of the many ways in which it may be used in the home and in entertaining, you are buying your Welch's by the case.

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A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

At the party, for that veranda "affair," at the picnic on the Fourth—nothing quite so good as Welch's.

Look for the store with the Welch display  
The National Drink for the National Day.

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If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints for \$3.00, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-ounce bottle by mail, ten cents.

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Cussin' is jest grindin' of a feller's mental wheels. Grease the axle, I say, with a little oil o' human kindness. When I feel my dander gettin' up I jest lubricates with a pipe o' VELVET. Hev a tin o' VELVET handy in your pistol pocket and when y' see trouble coming, you draw first.

*Velvet Joe*

ANYBODY who understands human nature will tell you that no man can be really downright, rearin', tearin' mad while he's smoking cool, slow burning VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

The tobacco of which VELVET is made is the one tobacco which has all the full flavor and "body" and tobacco fragrance of a real man's pipe smoke, without the harshness found in many kinds. VELVET is made of Burley leaf which, owing to the most thorough cultivation, is the finest and richest grown. By the time we have finished the long, slow process of curing, all the natural qualities of this Kentucky Burley de Luxe have been brought out to the full and "fixed." There's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness in VELVET.



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Detroit, more especially since the City Plan and Improvement Commission has completed arrangements for a Center of Arts and Letters—a fine group plan which will assemble and give suitable setting to a new Museum of Art, Public Library, and other buildings of like nature, including a School of Design and an Orchestra Hall. The site for the new gallery of art was purchased with funds supplied by public-spirited citizens, and the city has given a million dollars toward the erection of the building. Plans for the library have been drawn by Cass Gilbert.

It seems possible that, had the new art museum been started sooner, and with some guarantee of competent management, Mr. Freer might have considered it as an ultimate repository for his treasures. But now, apparently, it is too late. That the present art museum—the old one—was not to be considered by him, is perfectly obvious. Inside and out it is unworthy. It looks as much like an old waterworks as the new waterworks out on Jefferson Avenue looks like a museum. Its foyer contains some sculptured busts, forming the most amazing group I have ever seen. The group represents, I take it, prominent citizens of Detroit—among them, according to my recollection, the following: Hermes, Augustus Caesar, Mr. Bela Hubbard, Septimus Severus, the Hon. T. W. Palmer, Mr. Frederick Stearns, Apollo, Demosthenes, and the Hon. H. P. Lillibridge.

I do not want to put things into people's heads, but—the old museum is not fireproof. God speed the new one!

#### More Contents of Detroit

THE great trouble with Detroit from my point of view is that there is too much which should be mentioned: Grosse Pointe with its rich setting and rich homes; the fine new railroad station; the "Cabbage Patch"; the "Indian Village" (so called because the streets bear Indian names) with its examples of modest, pleasing, domestic architecture. Then there are the boulevards, the fine Wayne County roads, the clubs—the Country Club, the Yacht Club, the Boat Club, the Detroit Club, the University Club, all with certain individuality. And there is the unique little Yondatega Club of which Theodore Roosevelt said: "It is beyond all doubt the best club in the country."

Also there is Henry Ford.

I suppose there is no individual having to do with manufacturing of any kind whose name is at present more familiar to the world. But in all this ocean of publicity which has resulted from Mr. Ford's development of a reliable, cheap car, from the stupefying growth of his business and his fortune, and more recently from his sudden distribution among his working people of ten million dollars of profits from his business—in all this publicity I have seen nothing that gave me a clear idea of Henry Ford's personality. I wanted to see him—to assure myself that he was not some fabulous being out of a Detroit saga. I wanted to know what kind of man he was to look at and to listen to.

The Ford plant is far, far out on Woodward Avenue. It is so gigantic that there is no use wasting words in trying to express its vastness; so full of people, all of them working for Ford, that a thousand more or less would make no difference in the looks of things. And among all those people there was just one man I really wanted to see, and just one other man I really wanted not to see. I wanted to see Henry Ford and I wanted not to see a man named Liebold, because, they say, if you see Liebold first you never do see Ford. That is what Liebold is for. He is the man whose business in life it is to know where Henry Ford isn't.

#### On the Ford Trail

TO get into Mr. Ford's presence is an undertaking. It is not easy even to find out whether he is there. Liebold is so zealous in his protection that he even protects Mr. Ford from his own employees. Thus, when the young official who had my companion and me in charge received word over the office telephone that Mr. Ford was not in the building, he didn't believe it. He went on a quiet scouting expedition of his own before he was convinced. Presently he returned to the office in which he had deposited us.

"No; he really isn't here just now," he said. "He'll be in presently. Come on; I'll take you through the plant."

The machine shop is one room, with a glass roof, covering an area of something less than thirty acres. It is simply unbelievable in its size, its noise and its ghastly furious activity. It was peopled when we were there by five thousand men—the day shift in that one shop alone. (The total force of workmen was something like three times that number.)

#### Imagine It if You Can!

OF course there was order in that place; of course there was system—relentless system—terrible "efficiency"—but to my mind, unaccustomed to such things, the whole room, with its interminable aisles, its whirling shafts and wheels, its forest of roof-supporting posts and flapping, flying, leather belting, its endless rows of writhing machinery, its shrieking, hammering, and clatter, its smell of oil, its autumn haze of smoke, its savage-looking foreign population—to my mind it expressed but one thing, and that thing was delirium.

Fancy a jungle of wheels and belts and weird iron forms—of men, machinery and movement—add to it every kind of sound you can imagine: the sound of a million squirrels chirking, a million monkeys quarreling, a million lions roaring, a million pigs dying, a million elephants smashing through a forest of sheet iron, a million boys whistling on their fingers, a million others coughing with the whooping cough, a million sinners groaning as they are dragged to hell—Imagine all of this happening at the very edge of Niagara Falls, with the everlasting roar of the cataract as a perpetual background, and you may acquire a vague conception of that place.

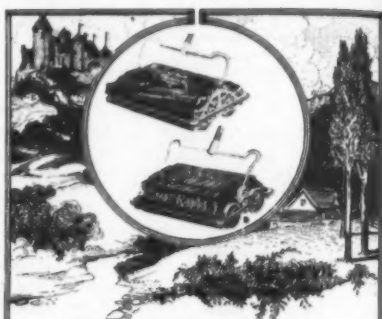
Fancy all this riot going on at once; then imagine the effect of its suddenly ceasing. For that is what it did. The wheels slowed down and became still. The belts stopped flapping. The machines lay dead. The noise faded to a murmur; then to utter silence. Our ears rang with the quiet. The aisles all at once were full of men in overalls, each with a paper package or a box. Some of them walked swiftly toward the exits. Others settled down on piles of automobile parts, or the bases of machines to eat, like grimy soldiers on a battlefield. It was the lull of noon.

#### From Chaos—the Finished Car

I WAS glad to leave the machine shop. It dazed me. I should have liked to leave it some time before I actually did, but the agreeable young enthusiast who was conducting us delighted in explaining things—shouting the explanations in our ears. Half of them I could not hear; the other half I could not comprehend. Here and there I recognized familiar automobile parts—great heaps of them—cylinder castings, crank cases, axles. Then as things began to get a little bit coherent, along would come a train of cars hanging insanely from a single overhead rail, the man in the cab tooting his shrill whistle; whereupon I would promptly retire into mental fog once more, losing all sense of what things meant, feeling that I was not in any factory, but in a Gargantuan lunatic asylum where fifteen thousand raving, tearing maniacs had been given full authority to go ahead and do their damndest.

In that entire factory there was for me but one completely lucid spot. That was the place where cars were being assembled. There I perceived the system. No sooner had axle, frame, and wheels been joined together than the skeleton thus formed was attached, by means of a short wooden coupling, to the rear end of a long train of embryonic automobiles, which was kept moving slowly forward toward a far-distant door. Beside this train of chassis stood a row of men, and as each succeeding chassis came abreast of him, each man did something to it, bringing it just a little further toward completion. We walked ahead beside the row of moving, partially built cars, and each car we passed was a little nearer to its finished state than was the one behind it. Just inside the door we paused and watched them come successively into first place in the line. As they moved up, they were uncoupled. Gasoline was fed into them from one pipe, oil from another, water from still another.

Then as a man leaped to the driver's seat, a machine situated in the floor spun the back wheels around, causing the motor to start; whereupon the little Ford moved out into the wide, wide world, a completed thing, propelled by its own power.



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—a food that will keep the teeth in good condition, build bone and muscle and keep the dog with a smooth, glossy coat. That food is

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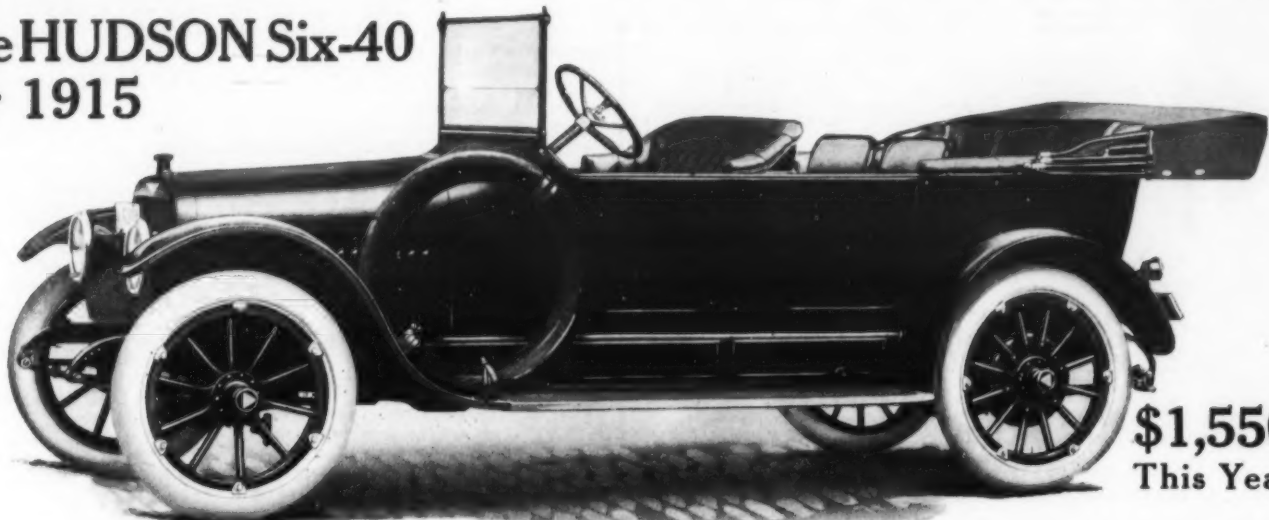
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**\$1,550**  
This Year

*The extra tonneau seats disappear when not wanted*

### *Our Gem Car*

**The New HUDSON Six-40  
Described by Howard E. Coffin**

There are 48 of us—each a skilled designer—in the HUDSON corps of engineers. All are quality men—men of high ideals; so we never have aimed to make the HUDSON a cheap car. Engineering reputations are not gained in that way.

Prices have dropped because costs dropped—due to multiplied output and standardization. This year—with a trebled production—the new HUDSON Six-40 will sell for \$1,550. But we engineers have naught to do with this price matter.

From our standpoint—as a piece of fine engineering—we consider this the gem car of 1915. We are proud of it. Without respect to the price-mark, it's our ideal of a car.

#### **The Evolution of Sixes**

The best engineers have for years aimed at Sixes. Continuous power is essential to a smooth-running, flexible car, and Sixes alone afford that. But the early Sixes were heavy and wasteful, so this logical motor was confined to high-priced cars.

European engineers first solved this difficulty. They conceived the small-bore, long-stroke motor which reduced fuel cost immensely. It also reduced explosive shocks by 50 per cent as compared with our same-powered Fours. This permitted lighter construction.

In the HUDSON Six-40 we have worked out the ultimate in this type of motor. The result is, an operative cost nearly 30 per cent less than we ever attained in a Four of like power.

#### **How We Attain Lightness**

All of us formerly built heavy cars. We used iron where we now use aluminum. We used castings where we now use drop forgings. Instead of proper designing and costly materials, we employed mere size. Those heavy cars were not nearly so staunch as the light HUDSON Six of today.

For years we have worked to combine lightness with strength, but every pound saved added cost to construction. This new HUDSON Six-40, constructed on old lines, would weigh at least 4,000 pounds. We have made it weigh 2,900 pounds. Thus we save you the weight of seven people—all that extra tire cost and fuel. Yet last year this Six-40, in thousands of hands, failed to develop one weakness. We never built a stancher car.

#### **Our 31 New Features**

We devoted three years to this HUDSON Six-40 before we shipped the first car. Our fourth year on it—the year just past—has been spent on refinements. We took part by part and studied ways to improve them.

This new model shows 31 important betterments. They are mostly in comfort and convenience. Among them are better carburetion, automatic spark advance, locks on lights and ignition. All wires are run in conduits. Seats are wider and higher. There is more room for the driver.

We have here now one of the handsomest, one of the best-equipped cars in the world. In no way that we know of can any car excel it. And many of these attractions are exclusive to the HUDSON.

#### **Men's Refining Tastes**

The evidence is that motorists are turning away from extremes. They want sufficient size and power, but not excessive. The pressure on us for years has been to bring down upkeep cost, and to do that in a Six.

Here is the final result. Here is all the power, all the room you have use for—enough for seven passengers comfortably. Here also is a matchless lightness and low operative cost.

The fact that no car can be built any better is shown by this record lightness. A car must be built of the finest materials, in the most skilful way, to attain such staunchness with this weight.

The HUDSON Six-40 has met modern ideals. Last spring there were two buyers waiting for every car we could build. We have trebled our capacity, yet we cannot hope to keep up with demands. Men who see this car won't be content with cars which fall below it. We know that every car sold will win new converts to our gospel of refinement.

*Howard E. Coffin*

**Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, \$1,550  
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#### **The New Hudson Six-54**

We build on the same lines a larger model with one-third more power and a 135-inch wheel-base. It is for men who want the HUDSON features in a larger, more impressive car. This new HUDSON sells for \$2,350.

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2 1/4 x 3 1/4

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With f. 6.3 lens (Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat) . . . . . 53.50

With this camera you can make snap shots on dark or cloudy days, or even indoors. On bright days, when the sun is shining, you can make exposures as short as 1-1000 of a second, if you wish. And there is no uncertainty. When you look in the focusing hood you see the image right side up, the size it will appear in the finished picture, up to the instant of exposure. There is neither focusing scale nor finder.

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A 6 cent pound of ordinary sugar with this machine will within 8 minutes make \$1.50 worth of candy floss. No experience necessary. Unheard of daily profits assured with this wonder money-maker. And it keeps on making enormous profits year after year with no expense for repairs. Ten years of big money-making experience have proved this your opportunity. Today is the day to get the facts. Write to Dept. C.

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## Lunch Outdoors This Basket Keeps Things Fresh

Pack your lunch, go for a ride in the motor over country roads to some wooded spot. What greater pleasure than dining with Nature as host? Put in the lunch, bottles and all.

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Refrigerator Basket  
Add Zest to the Trip!  
The basket will be ready to serve, fresh and delicious at your journey's end. A small piece of ice in a sanitary compartment keeps the contents cool. Does not drip. Dirt, crumbs and insects cannot touch the food. Write for illustrated booklet. Burlington Basket Works West Burlington, Iowa



## Collier's School Directory

### Boys

Raymond Riordan School  
Randolph Macon Academy  
Piedmont Institute  
University School  
Racine College School  
St. Paul School  
Kiskadee Springs School  
University of Notre Dame  
Belmont School

Highland, N. Y.  
Front Royal, Va.  
Hightstown, N. J.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Racine, Wis.  
Garden City, L. I.  
Salisbury, Pa.  
Notre Dame, Ind.  
Belmont, Cal.

### Military

Bordentown Military Institute  
Ohio Military Institute  
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy  
Wentworth Military Academy  
Culver Military Academy  
Tennessee Military Institute  
Western Military Academy  
St. John's Military Academy

Bordentown, N. J.  
College Hill, Cin., O.  
Lake Geneva, Wis.  
Lexington, Mo.  
Culver, Ind.  
Sweetwater, Tenn.  
Alton, Ill.  
Delafield, Wis.

### Special

Bliss Electrical School  
Dana's Musical Institute  
Indiana Dental College  
Tri-State College  
Louisville College of Dentistry  
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College  
New York State School of Agr.  
Illinois College of Photography  
Michigan College of Mines  
Grand River Institute  
Winona College of Agriculture  
Detroit College of Law

Washington, D. C.  
Warren, O.  
Indianapolis, Ind.  
Angola, Ind.  
Louisville, Ky.  
New York City  
Morrisville, N. Y.  
Effingham, Ill.  
Houghton, Mich.  
Austintown, O.  
Winona Lake, Ind.  
Detroit, Mich.

### Co-Educational

Thomas Normal Training School  
Defiance College  
Peirce School  
American Col. of Phys. Education

Detroit, Mich.  
Defiance, O.  
Philadelphia, Pa.  
Chicago, Ill.

### Girls

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Staunton, Va.

## Collier's Washington Bureau

will furnish to Collier readers a wealth of information on any subject for which Washington is headquarters.

This service is of inestimable value to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; to lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, to business and professional men in all walks of life.

Make use of our Washington office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. No charge to the subscribers of Collier's.

Collier's Washington Bureau, 901-902 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

In a glass shed of the size of a small exposition building the members of the Ford staff park their little cars. It was in this shed that we discovered Mr. Ford. He had just driven in (in a Ford!) and was standing beside it—the god out of the machine.

"Nine o'clock to-morrow morning," he said to me in reply to my request for an appointment.

I may have shuddered slightly. I saw my companion shudder. I was aware for one brief instant of a strong desire to intimate to Mr. Ford that ten o'clock would suit me better. But I restrained myself.

### On Time—but No Ford

INWARDLY I argued thus: "I am in the presence of an amazing man—a prince of industry—the Macenas of the motor car. Here is a man who, they say, makes a million dollars a month, even in a short month like February. Probably he makes a million and a quarter in the thirty-one-day months when he has time to get into the spirit of the thing. I wish to pay a beautiful tribute to this man, not because he has more money than I have—I don't admit that he has—but because he conserves his money better than I conserve mine. It is for that that I take off my hat to him, even if I have to get up and dress and be away out here on Woodward Avenue by 9 a. m. to do it."

Furthermore, I thought to myself that Mr. Ford was the kind of business man you read about in novels; one who, when he says "nine," doesn't mean five minutes after nine, but nine sharp. If you aren't there your chance is gone. You are a ruined man.

"Very well," I said, trying to speak in a natural tone, "we will be on hand at nine."

Then he went into the building, and my companion and I debated long as to how the feat should be accomplished. He favored sitting up all night in order to be safe about it, but we compromised at last on sitting up only a little more than half the night.

The cold, dismal dawn of the day following found us shaved and dressed. We went out to the factory. It was a long, chilly, expensive, silent taxi ride. At five minutes before nine we were there. The factory was there. The clerks were there. Fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-seven workmen were there—those workmen who divided the ten millions!—everything and everyone was there with a single exception. And that exception was Mr. Henry Ford.

True, he did come at last. True, he talked with us. But he was not there at nine o'clock, nor yet at ten. Nor do I blame him. For if I were in the place of Mr. Henry Ford, there would be just one man whom I would meet at nine o'clock, and that man would be Meadows, my faithful valet.

Apropos of that, it occurs to me that there is one point of similarity between Mr. Ford and myself: neither of us has a valet just at present. Still, on thinking it over, we aren't so very much alike, after all, for there is one of us—I shan't say which—who hopes to have a valet some day.

### The Gods He Worships

MR. FORD'S office is a room somewhat smaller than the machine shop. It is situated in one corner of the administration building, and I am told that there is a private entrance, making it unnecessary for Mr. Ford to run the gantlet of the main doorway and waiting room, where there are almost always persons waiting to ask him for a present of a million or so in money; or, if not that, for four or five thousand dollars' worth of time—for if Mr. Ford makes what they say, and doesn't work overtime, his hour is worth about four thousand five hundred dollars.

He wasn't in the office when we entered. That gave us time to look about. There was a large flat-top desk. The floor was covered with an enormous, costly Oriental rug. At one end of the room, in a glass case, was a tiny and very perfect model of a Ford car. On the walls were four photographs: one of Mr. James Couzens, vice president and treasurer of the Ford Company; another, a life-size head of "Your friend, John Warramaker," and two of Thomas A. Edison. Under one of the latter, in the handwriting of the inventor—handwriting which, oddly enough, resembles nothing so much as neatly bent wire—was this inscription:

To Henry Ford, one of a group of men who have helped to make U. S. A. the most progressive nation in the world.  
THOMAS A. EDISON.

### This Is Henry Ford

PRESENTLY Mr. Ford came in—a lean man, of good height, wearing a rather worn brown suit. Without being powerfully built, Mr. Ford looks sinewy, wiry. His gait is loose-jointed—almost boyish. His manner, too, has something boyish about it. I got the feeling that he was a little bit embarrassed at being interviewed. That made me sorry for him. I had been interviewed the day before myself. When he sat he hunched down in his chair, resting on the small of his back, with his legs crossed and propped up upon a large wooden wastebasket—the attitude of a lanky boy. And, despite his gray hair and the netted wrinkles about his eyes, his face is comparatively youthful, too. His mouth is wide and determined, and it is capable of an exceedingly dry grin, in which the eyes collaborate. They are fine, keen eyes, set high under the brows, wide apart, and they seem to express shrewdness, kindness, humor, and a distinct wistfulness. Also, like every other item in Mr. Ford's physical make-up, they indicate a high degree of honesty. There never was a man more genuine than Mr. Ford. He hasn't the faintest sign of that veneer so common to distinguished men, which is most eloquently described by the slang term "front." Nor is he, on the other hand, one of those men who (like so many politicians) try to simulate a simple manner. He is just exactly Henry Ford, no more, no less; take it or leave it.

And if you are any judge of character at all, you know immediately that he is a man whom you can trust. I would trust him with anything. He didn't ask me to, but I would. I would trust him with all my money. And, considering that I say that, I think he ought to be willing, in common courtesy, to reciprocate.

### The Great Secret!!

HE told us about the Ford business. "We've done two hundred and five millions of business to date," he said. "Our profits have amounted to about fifty-nine millions. About twenty-five per cent has been put back into the business—into the plant and the branches. All the actual cash that was ever put in was twenty-eight thousand dollars. The rest has been built up out of profits. Yes—it has happened in a pretty short time; the big growth has come in the last six years."

I asked if the rapid increase had surprised him.

"Oh, in a way," he said. "Of course we couldn't be just sure what she was going to do. But we figured we had the right idea."

"What is the idea?" I questioned. Then with deep sincerity, with the conviction of a man who states the very foundation of all that he believes, Mr. Ford told us his idea. His statement did not have the awful majesty of an utterance by Mr. Freer. He did not flame, although his eyes did seem to glow with his conviction.

"It is one model!" he said. "That's the secret of the whole doggone thing!" (That is exactly what he said. I noted it immediately for "character.")

Having revealed the crux of things, Mr. Ford directed our attention to the little toy Ford in the glass case.

"There she is," he said. "She's always the same. I tell everybody that's the way to make a success. Every manufacturer ought to do it. The thing is to find out something that everybody is after and then make that one thing and nothing else. Shoemakers ought to do it. They ought to get one kind of shoe that will suit everybody, instead of making all kinds. Stove men ought to do it, too. I told a stove man that just the other day."

That, I believe, is, briefly, the business philosophy of Henry Ford.

### "Money to Use, That's All"

"It just amounts to specializing," he continued. "I like a good specialist. I like Harry Lauder—he's a great specialist. So is Edison. Edison has done more for people than any other living man. You can't look anywhere without seeing something he has invented. . . . Edison doesn't care anything about money. I don't either. You've got to have money to use; that's all. . . . I haven't got any





## Six More miles per gallon—

A Speedler on your car will give you an average of 6 more miles from every gallon of gasoline. Try this test: Put on a Speedler for 30 days free trial. Set the gasoline throttle at the 10-mile notch. Then touch the Speedler Control, and watch the speedometer jump to 15 miles. You get 5 miles extra speed without an extra drop of gas. The Speedler air spray does it.

## Speedler

"Less Gas—More Mileage"

Gives you extra power from the gasoline by mixing extra air in the manifold. Instant control at your finger-tip. Over 12,000 individual owners equipped their cars with Speedlers last year.

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Your garage man or dealer can get you a Speedler for 30 days free trial from his nearest wholesale supply house. Learn how easy it is to cut your gasoline bill almost in half. Price only \$5; refunded if you are not pleased. Pays for itself in a month. Get one today.

**Lydon Mfg. Co.**

Dept. 51, 1514 Michigan Ave.  
CHICAGO



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on Approval and 30 days Trial



**SEND NO MONEY** but write today for our big 1914 catalog of "RANGER" Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also particulars of our great new offer to deliver you a RANGER Bicycle on one month's free trial without a cent expense to you.

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FACE POWDER

"MOTHER TRIED IT"  
"I received the box of powder and mother tried it and was so well pleased with it that she decided to keep it for herself. Of course I must have a box too, so I enclose herewith \$5.00. Wishing you much success with your powder, as it is by far the best I have ever used."  
Miss  
Catonville, Md.  
**Refuse Substitutes**  
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, \$5.00 a box of 12 boxes or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send \$5.00 for a sample box.  
**BEN. LEVY CO.**  
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**Throw away your suspenders**  
Loosen your belt till it feels perfectly comfortable. Support your trousers without strain, pull or discomfort with the  
**Invisible TROUSER BELT**  
Worn inside the trousers where it holds the garment snugly, uniformly, securely, without binding and without making its presence felt. Trousers cannot sag or slip; shirt can't climb up. No interference with deep breathing. Automatically adjusts itself to every movement of the body. Lisle \$5.00, Silk \$1.00. Prepaid. Order now. Give waist measure.  
**KOKOMO BELT COMPANY**  
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## Garage \$49.50

Genuine "Edwards." Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—\$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.  
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3 year agricultural course prepares for all phases of farming. 15th Annual Session begins September 7. Experience on College Farm. Excellent Laboratory Equipment. Faculty of Experts. Limited number of students. Increasing demand for teachers of Agriculture. Comfortable living facilities. Athletics. Expenses reasonable. For catalog address  
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"Batterdam," 24, 170 tons; 17th annual; Feb. 14; 65 days; \$400 up, including shore excursions. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg. N. Y.

job here, you know. I just go around and keep the fellows lined up."

I don't know how I came by the idea, but I was conscious of the thought that Mr. Ford's money worried him. He looks somehow as though it did. And it must, coming in such a deluge and so suddenly. I asked if wealth had not compelled material changes in his mode of life.

"Do you mean the way we live at home?" he asked.

"Yes; that kind of thing."

"Oh, that hasn't changed to any great extent," he said. "I've got a little house over here a ways. It's nothing very much—just comfortable. It's all we need. You can have the man drive you around there on your way back if you want. You'll see." (Later I did see; it is a very pleasant, very simple type of brick suburban residence.)

## Ford Hobbies—What Are They?

"Do you get up early?" I ventured, having, as I have already intimated, my own ideas as to what I should do if I were a Henry Ford.

"Well, I was up at quarter of seven this morning," he declared. "I went for a long ride in my car. I usually get down to the plant around eight-thirty or nine o'clock."

Then I asked if the change had not forced him to do a deal of entertaining.

"No," he said. "We know the same people we knew twenty years ago. They are our friends to-day. They come to our house. The main difference is that Mrs. Ford used to do the cooking. Lately we've kept a cook. Cooks try to give me fancy food, but I won't stand for it. They can't cook as well as Mrs. Ford either—none of them can."

I wish you could have heard him say that! It was one of his deep convictions, like the "one model" idea.

"What are your hobbies outside your business?" I asked him.

It seemed to me that Mr. Ford looked a little doubtful about that. Certainly his manner, in replying, lacked that animation which you expect of a golfer or a yachtsman or an art collector—or, for the matter of that, a postage-stamp collector.

"Oh, I have my farm out at Dearborn—the place where I was born," he replied. "I'm building a house out there—not as much of a house as they try to make out, though. And I'm interested in birds, too."

## No Pose in This Reply

THEN, thinking of Mr. Freer, I inquired: "Do you care for art?" The answer, like all the rest, was definite enough.

"I wouldn't give five cents for all the art in the world," said Mr. Ford without a moment's hesitation.

I admired him enormously for saying that. So many people feel as he does in their hearts, yet would not dare to say so. So many people have the air of posturing before a work of art, trying to look intelligent, trying to "say the right thing" before the right painting—the right painting as prescribed by Baedeker. True, I think the man who declares he would not give five cents for all the art in the world thereby declares himself a barbarian of sorts. But a good, honest, open-hearted barbarian is a fine creature. For one thing, there is nothing false about him. And there is nothing soft about him either. It is the poseur who is soft—soft at the very top, where Henry Ford is hard.

I saw from his manner that he was becoming restless. Perhaps we had stayed too long. Or perhaps he was bored because I spoke about an abstract thing like art.

I asked but one more question.

"Mr. Ford," I said, "I should think that when a man is very rich he might hardly know, sometimes, whether people are really his friends or whether they are cultivating him because of his money. Isn't that so?"

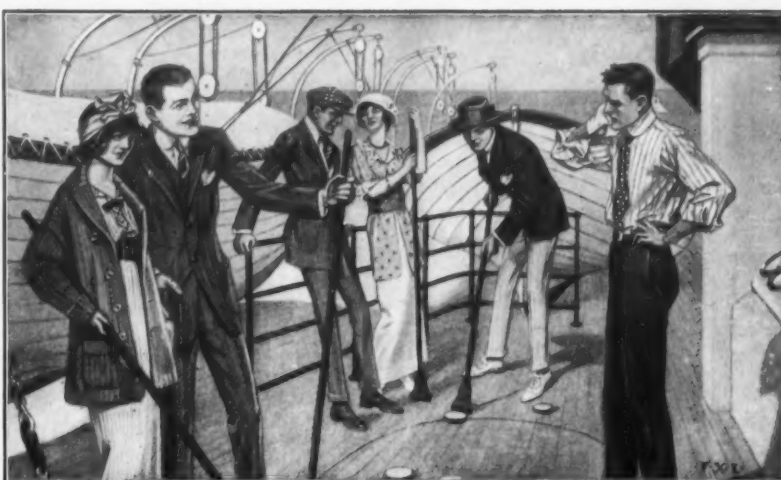
## He Does

MR. FORD'S dry grin spread across his face. He replied with a question: "When people come after you because they want to get something out of you, don't you get their number?"

"I think I do," I answered.

"Well, so do I," said Mr. Ford.

"MICHIGAN MEANDERINGS," the next adventures of Mr. Street, will appear in the issue of July 18. Battle Creek and Kalamazoo take notice!



## There's "An Ocean Of Comfort" In B. V. D.

YOU wear a coat and a smile with B. V. D. On land or sea, in city or country, outdoors or in the office, B. V. D. takes the bite out of the "dog-days". It keeps you cool. Being loose-fitting in drape, it lets invigorating air at your pores. Being light-woven in fabrics, you hardly feel that you have it on. If you dance, B. V. D. leaves you always arm, leg and body-free. For your own welfare, fix the B. V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman show it to you. That positively safeguards you. On every B. V. D. garment is sewed



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Prevents Dust—



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Under heavy loads a tarviated road is somewhat elastic—

not brittle—and traffic wears it smoother. The Tarvia also has the effect of making the road surface waterproof and preventing ravelling by rain torrents.

The addition of Tarvia to the macadam costs so little that it is more than balanced by the saving in maintenance expense. The road, instead of being torn up by traffic and blown away by the winds, stays where it is put and the annual repair bill is reduced materially.

Progressive engineers in hundreds of towns are using Tarvia regularly.

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**The free privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals,** the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

**A Complete Orchestra** offers advanced pupils in voice, piano, organ and violin experience in rehearsals and public appearances with orchestral accompaniment.

**Dramatic Department.** Practical training in acting.

**Scholarships.** A limited number of scholarships in Composition (Director's Class) available 1914.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.



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"Not at all anxious. Just pinned my faith to that little wire rope and it got us home just lovely."  
Nothing like Baseline Autowline to get you home when your motor won't. Nothing like it to pull a ditched car into the road or a stalled car to the top of a hill.

### Baseline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull" makes motoring more certain. About 25 feet of pencil size, tough, flexible Yellow Strand wire rope—a flat coil that goes under a cushion. Ask your supply dealer about it now—before you need it. Sold everywhere. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE—Fine illustrated Autowline circular. Write for it.

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

819 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 76A Warren St.

Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope.



## The Girl at the Ad Counter

(Concluded from page 7)

They walked warily over the rough ground, pausing frequently to listen. In the pitch blackness they fell into a barbed-wire fence; and once Wilkins nearly slipped over the edge of the bank.

"Steady," whispered Hill. "We're close enough. I remember this tree."

On his last word a spurt of light cut the darkness. A moment later it was repeated. "Pocket lamp," murmured Hill.

They were within fifty feet of the shanty. A fiery flash was seen again, but at a point they judged to be beyond the boat, and there was a sound of dull blows. They began crawling over the ground, guided by the pounding. The strokes ceased suddenly and a spurt of the electric lamp struck the sycamore at whose roots apparently the suspect had been digging. They now heard sounds as of some one stamping. Hill chuckled and whispered in Wilkins's ear:

"Got his plunder and filled the hole; covering it with leaves—you don't need a light to see him work. Smooth—!"

Frozen twigs snapped in the underbrush as Redmond began his retreat. He staggered heavily along, feeling blindly for the path, and then his outstretched hand touched Wilkins's face. Redmond jumped back instinctively and before he recovered Hill threw him over and clapped his hand to his mouth. Surprised as he was, the prisoner struggled furiously. In the dark it was difficult for Wilkins to lend assistance, but in stumbling about trying to get into the fight he fell across the suspect's legs, seized them and held on. He then heard Hill saying:

"No good making a fuss. I'm holding a gun and if you yell she pops. We're secret service men. If you're not the man we want you'll have plenty of time to explain. Let him stand up, Billy."

Wilkins fished a revolver and an electric lamp out of the prisoner's overcoat.

"I've lost my spectacles, gentlemen," remarked Redmond, blinking as Billy turned the light on him, "and as I'm extremely nearsighted I'd like to have 'em."

Wilkins found them intact. Hill held his automatic against Redmond's nose.

"Stick 'em on for him, Billy," said the detective cheerfully.

REDMOND thanked them courteously and then asked in the same quiet tones just what they proposed to charge him with. "Oh, not much," remarked Hill; "counterfeiting, forgery, murder, and some little things like that."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated the man ironically, as Hill clicked on the handcuffs.

Billy searched the prisoner's pockets while Hill held the gun and flashed the lamp. A big clasp knife, \$30 in good bills, a bunch of keys, and a long flat jeweler's case were the principal results of the search. Wilkins dropped them into his pockets hastily.

"Can't waste any time inspecting the trinkets now," said the detective. "We've got to get to cover as quickly as possible."

They found the boy guarding the machine and the detective sent him to a public telephone to direct a man he had on call at the Federal building to go at once to Hill's house.

"Now, Billy," said the detective as Redmond was squeezed between them in the machine, "you can have all the time you want on this case. We'll carry our friend to my house and Salzbly will be there to watch him while you write. I'll go to the baggage room and bring up the trunk and wire our man in Terre Haute to gather in Lockwood."

"I'll want a page or two, that's all," said Wilkins to his city editor over Hill's telephone. "I can't tell you what it is or where I am. I've got a boy to carry in copy, and I want the story held for the last edition. You'd better guard the composing room till the paper's off."

He summoned Jean, who arrived in a taxi, bringing copy paper and a typewriter she had borrowed from a stenographer in the boarding house. She identified the prisoner as the man who had filed the "ad" and called for the Bluffton letter, and as the same person she had seen at the lodging-house window.

Jean produced her drawing materials and began a large sketch of the prisoner while Billy fell upon the typewriter greedily. On the way to Hill's he had planned his story so that he wrote as easily as though taking rapid dictation.

In an hour Hill arrived with the trunk, which he began unpacking in the hall so that he might not disturb the absorbed reporter, or the artist, whose model sat handcuffed with Salzbly watch-

ing him. "It's a safe play, all right," called Hill. "The \$20 plate and a portable press that's a wonder."

The most amazing incident of that crowded evening came when Wilkins had posted the boy off with his second batch of copy and paused to stretch himself. He had forgotten that he had thrust into his overcoat pockets the articles taken from Redmond on the river bank. Hill asked for them and a moment later gave a yell as he opened the case and held suspended in his hands a diamond necklace that glittered and shone brightly. "No wonder he waited to pick this up!" cried Jean, taking it in her hands wonderingly.

"That nails the identification!" chirruped Billy. "That necklace was stolen from the wife of the Canadian Premier last August—supposed to have been taken by a dinner guest. I've got all Charlie's history in my head. For God's sake keep still and let me write!"

JEAN accepted small ads for the "Advertiser" the next morning with a copy of the city extra spread out on the counter. She had contributed a column and a half with her own hand, describing the incident of the advertisement. Her drawing of the famous criminal had come out splendidly; and she had made sketches of the trunk and diamond necklace, which helped beyond doubt to embellish Billy's story.

"Hear that yelling?" asked the veteran foreman stopping at the counter at noon just after Billy had gone upstairs. "They tore up the place when Billy came in. I guess that boy's vindicated now. And they've decided to steal the necklace and give it to you!"

Later in the day, after Billy had related the circumstances surrounding the scoop, with due emphasis on the fact that it was really Jean who had made the capture possible, there was a lively debate as to ways and means of rewarding Miss Kelly. And when the instructor of the art school gave an enthusiastic estimate of her talents, it was determined that as a staff artist Miss Kelly would be more valuable than as a clerk. At any rate, the "Advertiser" was under obligations to her, and a scholarship in a New York art school with the privilege of returning to the paper at the end of the term, seemed the proper acknowledgment. All of which, with a light blue check for \$500 was laid on the marble counter before the amazed girl as she was about to leave the office.

"It's the grandest thing that ever happened," declared Billy that evening in the boarding-house parlor; "only it's going to be pretty lonesome in these parts, I can tell you!"

MRS. WORTHINGTON ADAMS, the most active trustee of the Art Institute, undertook to see Jean safely settled in New York. Accordingly, on the afternoon of New Year's Day, there was a representative gathering of Jean's friends at the station—students from the night art class, girl friends, and six young gentlemen from the "Advertiser's" city room, each accompanied by a box of violets. But Billy Wilkins was not visible on the landscape, and the "Advertiser's" delegation wondered at this. And maybe Jean did!

There was the usual flutter when the New York train was called and Jean shook hands all round for the third time. Inside the train shed she turned to wave her hand and saw the crowd part to permit the passage of a gentleman in haste who lawlessly ran by the gateman flourishing a long green ticket.

It was Wilkins and, puffing hard from mighty exertions, he stood a minute later in the door of the stateroom which Mrs. Adams was to share with Jean.

"Why, Billy!" cried Jean, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

"Nearly missed the train," panted Billy, as though everybody had known from the beginning of time that he had meant to cross the Alleghenies on this particular train. "Got a wire from good old Gordon that the 'Atlas' is ready for me and here I am. Turned down an offer to go to Washington for the 'Advertiser' just one hour ago—"

"I hope," said Mrs. Adams, after Jean had presented the breathless Billy, "that this doesn't mean that you're going to interfere with Jean's career?"

"Don't know about her career," grinned Billy; "but I was sure mine would suffer without her!"



# The Perfect Suburbanite

By Anne Hard

ILLUSTRATED BY MORRIS HALL PANCOAST

WHEN Martin doesn't like anything that he has to endure just the same, he is as placid and withdrawn as a little bronze Buddha.

I never would have married one of these men that kick over chairs at the inevitable and damn the inescapable. Martin is an artist at enduring. He doesn't even look patient. I should say, on the whole that, next to the swearing man, the I-should-suffer man makes the worst husband. Martin is neither.

That's why, when I saw him spading up the back twenty feet of our newly acquired suburban lot, I just ached for him. Not in the same places he was aching, of course. I was aching in my heart and he was aching—not in his shoulders, as you might think, for up to a few months before he'd played handball too regular at the city Y. M. C. A. to mind a bit of spading—but in his brain.

Every shower of red clay as it hit the pile punctuated a shudder. Martin's whole manner seemed to say without a word: "The perfect suburbanite! The perfect suburbanite!"

I suffered with him. I stopped picking nasturtiums and went over to the battle field.

"Isn't it exercise enough?"

Anything for an opener.

Martin spaded hard.

"Look at the light on those hills! Isn't it beautiful! And smell . . . Oh, do smell! Isn't that petunias, that sort of thick, pink smell . . .?"

"Don't you mean those petunias . . .?"

Martin muttered.

MARTIN, if he hadn't happened to be general manager, would have made a great little school-teacher.

"You wouldn't have an air like this to breathe if we'd kept on living in town . . ."

Martin shoveled.

"Anyway, you know I couldn't find a sunny place . . ."

"The Wilds and the Smiths and the Digbys have plenty of sun . . ."

"But the Wilds have a Boston and the Smiths a Persian. And the Digbys only a grand piano. Now you know with our children and our aged parent . . ."

"That's it. The children. And the schools. But stick to that. We came out here on account of the children! But don't try to make me admit I like it."

"Look at your beans, dear, and your corn and your radishes. Don't you like them?"

Martin shoveled.

"If we'd taken that house out on Convent Avenue, you'd have been a half an hour, and the subway and this way you're only forty-five minutes. I don't see why you grudge that extra fifteen . . ."

"I don't. I don't grudge anything. It isn't the city. Get that? It isn't the city."

I felt perfectly helpless.

"Of course it isn't the city. It's precisely ten miles shy of it. But what . . ."

"How d'ye do?"

I wish you could hear Martin's howdy. It's like the funny page written in primitive sign language translated into winds and sky and sunshine. That isn't a bit clified, I tell you.

Our neighbor next door was just turning on his hose.

"Fine for your first year," he said pleasantly as he wiped some of the spray from his face—the hose had turned on too fast. "But we're both of us dubs to Jenkins."

We all looked across the street to the Jenkins shaved, painted, raked, seeded, scrubbed, screened, fertilized, pruned place.

"There," said Martin to the neighbor in words meant for my ear alone, "there is a perfect suburbanite. I bet Jenkins knows how many tons of coal he burned last winter and the winter before and . . ."

THE neighbor looked at Martin as if he hadn't heard well.

"Of course," he said.

There is something of the mosquito in most women. They aren't satisfied with getting what they want out of their husbands. Some buried instinct compels them to keep on singing and humming around the poor creature even after he is subdued.

"I wish you liked it out here better . . ." I said tentatively as soon as we were alone.

"I can't make you understand."

Like the mosquito's victim, he at last straightened up and went to the mat with his tormentor.

"I like this place as well as any place. Any place that is outside the city."

"I repeat, it isn't the distance to the office only nor furnace only. It is really something that I have no doubt you will in no way understand. It is the spirit of the suburb. That's it. The spirit of the suburb. I tell you, you can't get away from it. If you stay there, you'll get—I mean it'll get you."

"Don't talk like ten-year-old Puck, please, and allude to bundles . . ."

"I'm not. This is a recent misery, and it has nothing to do with packages . . . of that kind."

"Oh, ho! Now we're getting to it. You want our innocent children to have to pass by rum palaces and the dens of King Alcohol as they wend their way to school?"

"No gentleman—by that I mean no one who has the price—needs to take refuge in such arguments." Martin was walking up and down. He looked warm to me.

"Won't you take off your coat, dear?"

"There you have it again. No. I wore my coat in the office all day, and I see no reason for removing it now that the evening has rendered the air appreciably cooler."

"That chap next door begins to peel before he gets the screen door open. Jenkins, I have no doubt, puts on an alpaca coat at the station. And that reminds me, I've never seen Jenkins himself. Have you?"

"No, I haven't. There is a Mrs. Jenkins, but it isn't his wife; it's his mother. He does some kind of work that keeps him in town at night, and she is very quiet and never goes anywhere . . ."

THEN I stopped. We both laughed.

"You see," Martin went on, "it's got us already. An interest in the neighbors. Nothing else to think about but Jenkins and his mother."

"But"—he was not to be deflected—"I'm going to get understood right now, and then, for Heaven's sake, let's drop it."

"A suburb is a great big bedroom. It's neither farm nor city. It has no spine and very little heart and practically no arteries . . ."

"You used to go to bed early in town, and our friends come out here as often as they did in town to dinner, and the children . . ."

"There you are. You always bring up at the salient point the children. Remember. They're why. But wait till Bert is ready for college . . ."

"Back to the city?"

"You bet. It's real. It's genuine. There's something about the people. . . Why, look what the suburb does to you. Take that fellow Jenkins . . ."

"You've never seen . . ."

"Sure, but I know him. I know him as well as if I'd roomed with him in college or carried a chain with . . ."

"It is the spirit of the suburb. That's it. The spirit of the suburb. I tell you, you can't get away from it. If you stay there, you'll get—I mean it'll get you."



him on a Western railroad extension. He gets out of bed at exactly a quarter to—an admir-



"Sure," said the man next door. "Sure he lives here. Right across the street. That's Jenkins."

ble virtue, I admit. All his virtues are admirable. You have only to look across the way to prove it.

"He takes the 'fifty-five' regular-

ly, and brags to the fellow

at the desk next to him:

"One hour from bed to

desk. That's what I do

from Fairmont." At

exactly half past he

goes to lunch and

passes up dessert be-

cause he promised to

bring home a yard of

pink ribbon. He won't

buy a hat till it's

marked down, not be-

cause he can't afford

it, but because he's

afraid it may look a

'little startling,' and

he can't get around to

root for the Giants, so

he sees the game be-

tween the Fairmont

Athletics and the Hoboken Flyers. He

votes for president of the Fairmont Im-

provement Society, and his favorite art

is the illustrations in the seed annuals.

"It's all right for these people that

have children. I've got a certain amount

of respect for a man that gives up all

that is vital and real and moves out

into a nondescript, bridge-playing, Phari-

saical area divided at geometrical right

angles into patches fifty feet on a side

in the exact center of which are erected

cubical sections of sleeping quarters if

he has a young family and his wife

tells him he can't bring 'em up any-

where else (though, for the matter of

that, there seem to be enough children

in the city), but he's got to fight it or

it'll get him. And as for a man who

has no children, such as this Jenkins

of yours . . ."

"He isn't mine . . ."

Martin swept on. His sails were up

and all hands leaned to. I was a cockle-

shell.

"As for this Jenkins of yours . . ."

"Whom you haven't seen . . ."

"I don't need to see him, I tell you!

I know all about him. He is the perfect

suburbanite."

MARTIN breathed hard through his

nose.

"And to-night I will not put on my

flannel trousers with a blue serge coat

and white canvas shoes, in imitation of

English country life, and go with you to

'call' upon the Hodgsons who have just

moved into the new house on the hill.

Mrs. Hodgson shall bite her nails in

peace upon the porch, and Mr. Hodgson

shall in vain try to interest her by a

reflected long-distance interest in the

accounts of sports enacted far from this

suburbium in the open stretches of the

great metropolis—or in the fluctuations

of the world's

gold output as

chronicled in the

heart of the great

city—for all of me. Let the children go to their hygienic schools, and you, Friend Wife, may do your tating with every other lovely suburban lady in all Fairmont. As for me, I rebel. I am a prisoner till such time as Bert shall have passed his college entrances.

"In the meantime you shall not make a Jenkins out of me."

Martin leaned over and picked a little bunch of mint from the patch we had started against the August drought.

"There shall be consolation," he murmured. "There shall be balm in Gilead.

Is there plenty of ice?"

AS he spoke a tall, thin man dressed in a cutaway suit of black-and-white check bound with braid, who was passing just the other side of our low hedge, paused and looked pleasantly at Martin. Martin can't let a thing like that go by.

"Good evening," Martin said.

"How's crops?" said the stranger.

"The visible supply seems to be adequate," Martin began.

"I've had my eye on that little patch for quite some time," said the stranger. "First thing when you moved in here I noticed you set out that bed among the early varieties."

"Got another among the late bearing." Martin had his back to me by this time. He had his right arm parallel to the stranger's left arm, and that sort of a hunch to the shoulders that two men always get when the conversation is strictly masculine and nothing feminine need apply.

The stranger's voice became very gentle. "Our cook threw kerosene into the finest patch in town last Friday," he said. "But the rest of the necessary crops are safe. 'Twas fortunate, too, for the key never leaves me. I'd be glad to show you the finest that was ever called Kentucky home."

Martin silently handed his greenery to the stranger. The man next door was looking on during this colloquy. When it was over and the speckled suit had disappeared behind the lilac screen at the edge of our yard, he turned off his hose and strolled over into our yard.

"Know him?" he said.

"No," we answered.

"Nice chap," the man next door went on. "Used to be a sporting editor. He's a wine agent now and the most popular referee in the city."

"Why, you must know him," he went on. "He's the chap they call 'Electric' because, they say, he's not seen the sun in twenty years except in the middle of summer."

"Doesn't live here, then," said Martin.

"Where does he . . .?"

"Sure," said the man next door. "Sure he lives here. Right across the street. That's Jenkins."

We looked at each other.

Neither of us smiled.

"Did you say you would like to call on the Hodgsons to-night, Martin?"

"No, madam, I will not," said Martin.

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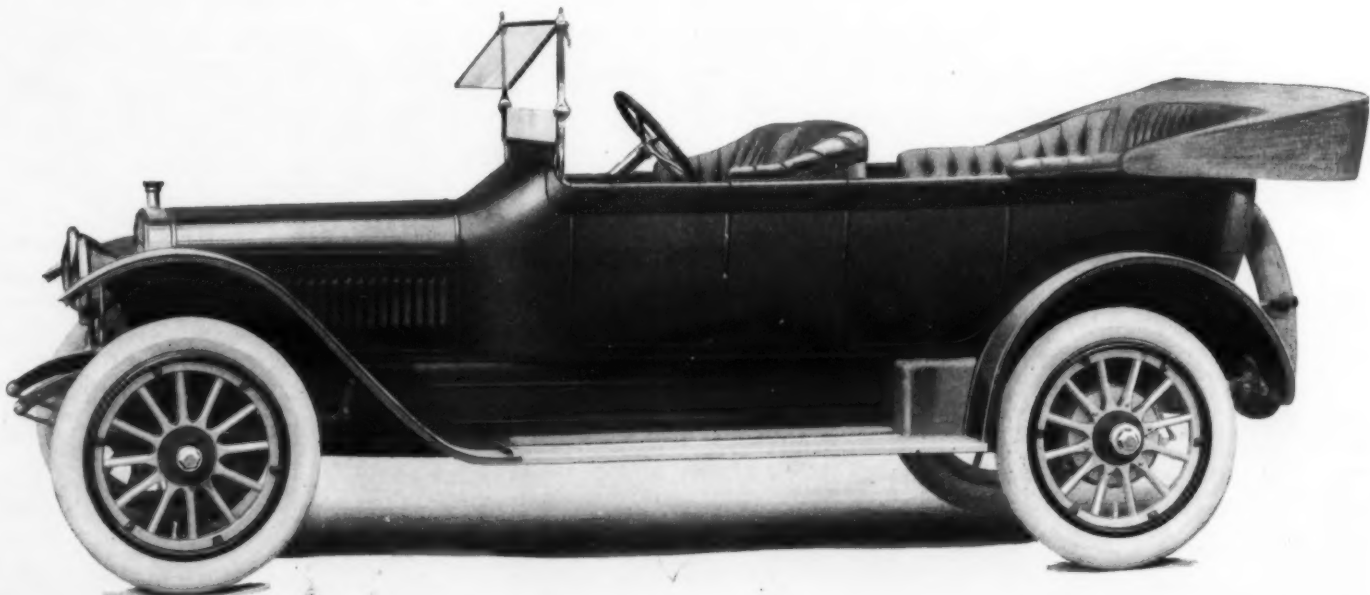
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## Bealby

(Continued from page 14)

He sat up where he had been put, trying to look as Orphan Dick as possible after all that had occurred.

"DO you know the wind on the heath—have you lived the gypsy life? Have you spoken, wanderers yourselves, with 'Romany chi and Romany chal' on the wind-swept moors at home or abroad? Have you tramped the broad highways, and, at close of day, pitched your tent near a running stream and cooked your supper by starlight over a fire of pine-wood? Do you know the dreamless sleep of the wanderer at peace with himself and all the world?" For most of us the answer to these questions of the Amateur Camping Club is in the negative.

Yet every year the call of the road, the Borrovian glamour, draws away a certain small number of the imaginative from the grosser comforts of a complex civilization, takes them out into tents and caravans and intimate communion with nature and, incidentally, with various ingenious appliances designed to meet the needs of cooking in a breeze. It is an adventure to which high spirits and great expectations must be brought, it is an experience in proximity which few friendships survive—and altogether very great fun. The life of breezy freedom resolves itself in practice chiefly into washing up and an anxious search for permission to camp. One learns how rich and fruitful our world can be in by-standers, and how easy it is to forget essential groceries. . . .

The heart of the joy of it lies in its perfect detachment. There you are in the morning sunlight under the trees that overhang the road going whither you will. Everything you need you have. Your van creaks along at your side. You are outside inns, outside houses, a home, a community, an *imperium in imperio*. At any moment you may draw out of the traffic upon the wayside grass and say: "Here—until the owner catches us at it—is home!" At any time—subject to the complaisance of William and your being able to find him—you may inspan and go onward. The world is all before you. You taste the complete yet leisured insouciance of the snail.

And two of those three ladies had other satisfactions to supplement their pleasures. They both adored Madeleine Phillips. She was not only perfectly sweet and lovely, but she was known to be so; she had that most potent charm for women, prestige. They had got her all to themselves. They could show how false is the old idea that there is no friendship nor conversation among women. They were full of wit and pretty things for one another and snatches of song in between. And they were free too from their "menfolk." They were doing without them. Dr. Bowles, the husband of the lady in the deerstalker, was away in Ireland and Mr. Geedge, the lord of the inconspicuous woman, was golfing at Sandwich. And Madeleine Phillips, it was understood, was only too glad to shake herself free from the crowd of admirers that hovered about her like wasps about honey. . . .

YET after three days each one had thoughts about the need of helpfulness, and more particularly about washing up, that were better left unspoken, that were indeed conspicuously unspoken beneath their merry give and take, like a black and silent river flowing beneath a bridge of ivory. And each of them had a curious feeling in the midst of all this fresh free behavior, as though the others were not listening sufficiently, as though something of the effect of them was being wasted. Madeleine's smiles became rarer; at times she was almost impassive, and Judy preserved nearly all her wit and verbal fireworks for the times when they passed through villages. . . . Mrs. Geedge was less visibly affected. She had thoughts of writing a book about it all, telling in the gayest, most provocative way, full of the quietest, quaintest humor, just how jolly they had been. Menfolk would read it. This kept a little thin smile upon her lips. . . .

As an audience, William was tough stuff. He pretended deafness; he never looked. He did not want to look. He seemed always to be holding his nose in front of his face to prevent his observation—as men pray into their hats at church. But once Judy Bowles overheard a phrase or so in his private soliloquy. "Pack o' wimmin," William was saying. "Draught petticoats. Dang 'em. That's

what I say to 'em. Dang 'em!" As a matter of fact, he just fell short of saying it to them. But his manner said it. . . .

You begin to see how acceptable an addition was young Bealby to this company. He was not only helpful, immensely helpful, in things material, a vigorous and at first a careful washer up, an energetic boot polisher, a most serviceable cleaner and tidler of things, but he was also belief and support. Undisguisedly he thought the caravan the loveliest thing going, and its three mistresses the most wonderful of people. His alert eyes followed them about full of an unstinted admiration and interest, he pricked his ears when Judy opened her mouth, he handed things to Mrs. Geedge. He made no secret about Madeleine. When she spoke to him, he lost his breath, he reddened and was embarrassed. . . .

They went across the fields saying that he was the luckiest of finds. It was fortunate his people had been so ready to spare him. Judy said boys were a race very cruelly maligned; see how willing he was! Mrs. Geedge said there was something elfin about Bealby's little face; Madeleine smiled at the thought of his quaint artlessness. She knew quite clearly that he'd die for her. . . .

THERE was a little pause as the ladies moved away.

Then William spat and spoke in a note of irrational bitterness. "Brasted Voolery," said William and then loudly and fiercely: "Cam up, y'ode Runt, you."

At these words the white horse started into a convulsive irregular redistribution of its feet, the caravan strained and quivered into motion, and Bealby's wanderings as a caravaner began.

For a time William spoke no more and Bealby scarcely regarded him. The light of strange fortunes and deep enthusiasm was in Bealby's eyes. . . .

"One Thing," said William, "they don't 'ave the Sense to lock anythink up—Whatever." Bealby's attention was recalled to the existence of his companion.

William's face was one of those faces that give one at first the impression of a solitary and very conceited nose. The other features are entirely subordinated to that salient effect. One sees them later. His eyes were small and uneven, his mouth apparently toothless, thin lipped, and crumpled, with the upper lip falling over the other in a manner suggestive of a meager firmness mixed with appetite. When he spoke he made a faint slobbering sound. "Everyfink," he said, "behind there."

He became confidential. "I been in there. I larked about wiv their Fings."

"They got some choc'late," he said, lusciously. "Oo Fine!" . . .

"All sorts of Fings." He did not seem to expect any reply from Bealby.

"We going far before we meet 'em?" asked Bealby.

William's deafness became apparent.

His mind was preoccupied by other ideas. One wicked eye came close to Bealby's face. "We going to 'ave a bit of choc'late," he said in a wet, desirous voice.

He pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the door. "You get it," said William with reassuring nods and the mouth much pursed and very oblique.

Bealby shook his head.

"It's in a little dror, under 'er place where she sleeps."

BEALBY'S headshake became more emphatic.

"Yus, I tell you," said William.

"No," said Bealby.

"Choc'late I tell you," said William, and ran the tongue of appetite round the rim of his toothless mouth.

"Don't want choc'late," said Bealby, thinking of a large lump of it.

"Go on," said William. "Nobody won't see you. . . ."

"Go it!" said William. . . .

"You're afraid," said William. . . .

"Here, I'll go," said William, losing self-control. "You just 'old these reins."

Bealby took the reins. William got up and opened the door of the caravan.

Then Bealby realized his moral responsibility—and, leaving the reins, clutched William firmly by his baggy nether garments. They were elderly garments, much sat upon. "Don't be a Vool," said William, struggling. "Leago my slack."

Something partially gave way and William's head came round to deal with Bealby. "What you mean pullin' my

cloes orf me?" . . .

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*H. C. Hamer*

Advertising Manager Collier's Weekly

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Another feature: This year we are spending \$100,000 to place an absolutely moisture-proof seal on our packages so as to carry the goods to the consumer in identically the same condition as when they leave our ovens.

\*PRINTERS' INK, January 22, 1914.



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**Agents!! Will You Take A Steady Job Paying** regular Weekly Income to start if we give you a chance to work up to Big Yearly Profits? No experience required! Great Crew Manager's proposition! We are big Manufacturers. Middlemen's profits saved! Write quick for Exclusive Territory. Need 150 men at once. E. M. Davis, Pres., R 61 Davis Block, Chicago, Illinois.

**We Need Live Wire Representatives For Un-**occupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 31 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch: Rock Island, Ill.

**\$2500 Accident And Health Policy For \$6.00** yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays \$2500 death, \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. \$5000 Policy for \$10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

**Agents. We Want Men And Women To Rep-**resent us and start sub-agents. "Every house a sale." Big Profits Everywhere. Territory being taken fast. Write us quickly for samples and particulars. Sun Mfg. Co., 242 Dean Bldg., South Bend, Indiana.

**Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A** fine tailor-made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 768, Chicago.

**Sliding Casters. Necessity Every Home. Child** can attach. Covers floors, carpets, furniture, Hotels, Restaurants buy gross lots. Cost 3c, sell 15c. Agents making big money every week. Samples free. H. O. Sliding Caster Co., 19 C. T. State St., New York City.

**Agents Make Big Money Selling Self-Lighting** gas tips and gas stove lighters; no matches required. Just turn on gas, lights itself; sells on sight; send for proposition before all territory is taken. Automatic Gas Appliance Co., 1 Union Square, New York, N. Y.

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**They Sell Themselves. Agents Reaping Rich Har-**vest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlain Co., Maple St. & Boulevard, Clayton, N. J.

**Live Agents Wanted To Take Orders For Our** guaranteed food flavors in tubes (serving 90's). Exceptionally large profits. Exclusive territory. Permanent business. C. H. Stuart & Co., 27 Union, Newark, N. Y.

**What Are You Selling? If We Had Your Ad-**dress we'd show you how to sell more, and you free pocket sample and largely increase your profits—not one week but weekly. S. Mfg. Co., 208 Warren St., New York.

**Agents—"Large Profit" Free Sample Our Gold** & Silver Sign Letters for Store fronts & Office windows. Easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. 432 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

**If You Can Sell To Banks, Offices Or Homes,** send 10 cents for samples that sell for 50 cents. Corking good summer proposition. Exclusive territory if desired. Venus Co., 21 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

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**Protective Patents Procured Promptly. Trade-**marks Registered U. S. Patent Office. Inventors Blue Book sent on Request. Hobb & Robb, 285-288 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

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**A Fortune To The Inventor Who Reads And** heads it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 5c, postage. R. S. & A. R. Lacey, Dept. C, Washington, D. C.

## Typewriters, Office Supplies

**Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All** makes. Underwoods, Olivettes, Remingtons, etc. \$4 to \$4 mfr. prices. \$15 up—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalogue 121. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1893), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

**Just Habit To Insist Upon Paying \$100.00 For A** typewriter. Don't waste your money. We have them from \$5.00 up. Profit by our years of experience. Listen! Write Standard Typewriter Exchange, 32B Park Row, N. Y. City.

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**Tennis Rackets Restrung With Genuine Lamb** Gut \$1.25. Why pay \$2.00 or \$2.50 when you can get high grade Lamb Gut for \$1.25. Expert workmanship and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send your racket to-day by Parcel Post. Will be returned in 24 hours, perfectly restrung. Postage paid. Or write for particulars. Agents wanted. C. A. Sartain, 1332 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Stamps, Coins, Post Cards

**\$15 For Dollar 1858. We Pay To \$1,000.00 For** rare coins to 1900. Many very valuable in circulation. Get Posted. Send for our Large Illustrated Coin Circular. It may mean much profit to you. Send now. The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Texas.

## Collections

**"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody,"** and thereby I collect over \$20,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 771 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

## Dull Razor Blades

**If You Think No Man In This World Can put** a good edge on a dull blade, keep on buying new ones. But we'll prove that we can, and at our risk, if you'll send your address. Parker-Warren Co., 1433-R Broadway, N. Y.

## High-Grade Salesmen

**Salesmen Wanted. Exceptional Opportunity** for side line Specialty Salesmen, calling on wholesale and Retail Drug, Department, Automobile or Hardware Trade. Patented, nationally advertised, guaranteed specialty. Liberal commission and exclusive territory. Give full particulars, present line, territory, experience and references in first letter. Sanitas Co., 2333 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, in first letter.

**Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-**to-measure high grade suits, tailored suits from \$50.00 to \$220.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

**Bright Aggressive Solicitor Wanted In Each** town to sell income insurance to men and women. Policy costing \$10 a year pays \$5000 for accidental death—\$25 a week sickness or injury. \$5 a year buys policy paying \$2000 accidental death—\$15 a week injury or sickness. Hilland Casualty Co., 1945 Insurance Exchange, Chicago.

**Salesmen Wanted—Residing In Or Making Small** towns. Take orders on our special line of household goods of unadorned goods. Makes quick easy sales, \$4.00 commission on each order. Write for pocket outfit today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

**Wanted, Side Line Salesman, Auto Specialty,** widely advertised, easy seller, sure repeater, 25% commission. F. W. Skinner, 1042 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

**Salesmen Calling On Retailers Or Manufacturers** can add materially to their income by taking orders for Masson's Advertising Safety Matches. Repeat orders. Fine profit. Paul Masson Co., 53 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

## Agents Wanted

**Agents—Sell 5 Silk Wash Ties For \$1.00. Catchy** Gold Filled Tie Clasp and Catch Pin Free. Wins sales. Big Profits. Write for samples and terms. Comer Mfg. Co., 6 Tenth St., Dayton, Ohio.

**Agents To Take Orders For Visiting And Busi-**ness Cards of Distinction. Sell at sight. Large Profits; Complete Outfit Free. The Forman Printery, 95-W Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

**Agents And Side Line Men. Write For Propo-**sition on Midget Vest Pocket Coat Hanger. Silver Company, 171 Madison Avenue, New York.

**Territory Manager Wanted For Guaranteed** Washcaks. We help make, and guarantee the sale of our product. Exclusive contract to a hustler who can produce, and handle agents. Washclean Mfg. Co., Booneville, Mo.

**Agents: Portraits \$35, Frames 15c. Sheet Pic-**tures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. Pillow tops 25c. 30 days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 140R, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

**Agents Wanted. Best Paying Agency Propo-**sition in U. S. If you are making less than \$200 monthly, write and let us show you how to make more. Novelty Cutlery Co., 40 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**Sign Men Make Big Money Handling Our Metallic** Letters. Best, cheapest. B. independent. No experience required; we show how. Sample, instructions free. Universal Sign & Letter Co., Inc., 371 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters** for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

**Agents To Sell A Line Of Quick-Selling Novel-**ties, useful in the home, the office, the outdoors. Splendid opportunity. Address Novitae Sales Co., 180 High St., Waltham, Mass.

**Agents Of Ability And High Character Wanted** on a new household article. Large profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 59 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

"That,"—he investigated. "Take me a Nour to sew up."

"I ain't going to steal," shouted Bealby into the ear of William.

"Nobody arst you to steal!"

"Nor you neither," said Bealby.

The caravan bumped heavily against a low garden wall, skidded a little and came to rest. William sat down suddenly. The white horse, after a period of confusion with its legs, tried the flavor of some overhanging lilac branches and was content.

"Gimme those reins," said William.

"You be the Brastedest Young Vool. . ."

"Sittin' 'ere," said William presently,

"chewin' our teeth, when we might be eatin' choc'late. . ."

"I 'ent got no use for you," said Wil-

ham; "blowed if I 'ave. . ."

thought of his injuries returned to him. "I'd make you sew 'em up yourself, darned if I wount—on'y you'd go running the brasted needle into me. . . Nour's work there is—by the feel of it. . . Mor'n nour. . . Goddobe done, too. . . All I got. . ."

"I'll give you Sumpfin, you little Beace, 'fore I done w' you."

"I wouldn't steal 'er choc'lates," said young Bealby. "Not if I was starving."

"Eh?" shouted William.

"Steal!" shouted Bealby.

"I'll steal ye, 'fore I done with ye,"

said William. "Tearin' my cloes for

me. . . Oh! Cam up, y'old Runt. We

don't want you to stop and lissen.

Cam up, I tell you!"

(To be continued next week)

## The Loot and the Lieutenant

(Continued from page 13)

anybody who went near her would have his head chopped off. All-fired funny thing! It seemed that what pleased 'em all so was that her comin' this way was the fulfillment of some heathen prophecy or other that had been made about a hundred years ago. As near as I could make out from what he said, the prophecy was that a white woman would come out of the sea with hair like gold, that she was to be given the eye of dawn (God knows what that means!), that she was to marry the chief, and the people would live happy ever after, or some such rot. Anyway we're out to bust the last part of that. She isn't to marry that son of a gun and they won't live happy ever after—not if we can help it. They all seemed to know about it and kept noddin' their heads all the time he was spiehn' it over for their benefit.

"THERE are high cliffs slopin' up to a pretty sheer mountainside to the north and west of the barrio. It's in a slopin' place, sort of horseshoe-shaped, with the hills and cliffs makin' about half the shoe and the jungle the rest. The beach and sea make the line between the heel points. The vice president suddenly pointed to the mountain and cliff and said somethin' about the eye of dawn again—I couldn't just make out what—and then they all made a rush to the little shack and brought out your sister—God! I was sorry for her; she didn't know what was comin', but she's pure grit; she'd found herself and she looked 'em right in the eye. I'd have given anythin' to be able to tell her she wouldn't be touched for quite a while, but if I had yelled out it would have spoiled all our chances; I was determined to get at her some way before they hurt her, and I never say die till the last ditch. Look at you people turnin' up like this! They led her up the cliff and up the trail to a cave in the mountainside—I could see through my field glasses—good job I had 'em. First the vice president went with her, and then he came out and sent in women with chow and mats and things, and when they came out he put guards at the cave mouth. You see, they've cached her there for safe keepin' till the chief gets back. From what I heard he won't be back till sunset this evenin'. I made sure of that before I went off to get some sleep—God knows I needed it—but I wouldn't have done it at all if I hadn't been sure."

"You left her?" cried Hilary. "Left her all alone up there?"

"I'd have been a fool if I hadn't. I knew they wouldn't touch her, and I had to be fresh to help her at all. I went as far away as I could so no one would find me sleepin' and finish me—and her, too. They're not after me, of course, 'cause they don't know there is any me. And that's another good thing; this sortie will take 'em by surprise all right. They don't dream of any soldados on their precious old island."

"Not so much of a surprise," said Stone. "They've probably sighted our launch long before now. I ordered her to lie out along the north coast to wait signal."

"Humph!" said Shorty, ruminating. "That's good business. We might be able to make a get-away down the back slope of the mountain there. Anyway, the Gu-gus don't know anyone's landed from her, I guess."

They soon reached the edge of the jungle, Hilary urging them feverishly, and in view of the circumstances Shorty forbore to mention that such was not a corporal's duty. The Captain led them to the very spot whence he had watched the barrio and seen Madge Hilary led up the mountainside into

the cave. "There," he whispered, pointing. They cautiously parted the rich foliage and looked out from between the young bamboos. There was the barrio, the hills, and the mountain ridge behind. They were relieved to see through their field glasses that guards still stood in front of the cave.

"Thank God," said Hilary, almost sobbing. "I was so afraid the chief had come back!"

"Isn't that just like Shorty?" thought Stone to himself. "Gee, isn't he the limit, goin' off calmly and sleepin' that way? He couldn't help her tired out the way he could rested, but I'd have hung round and tried and watched and probably got captured and been no good to her. As things turned out he did the right thing exactly; but it takes nerve to be a Shorty."

"Here's the plan of battle, hombre. We'll circle to the left, try and flank those guards, and come down on 'em from the top. We may be able to overpower 'em without shootin'—there's only four of 'em, and the folks below would never know, bein' so occupied gettin' ready for the merry-merry, as you see." Shorty pointed to the cluster of shacks where there was certainly great bustle of preparation, and many public and unblushing ablutions and toilets with no mystery about them were under way.

"Then," continued Shorty, "we can get in and get Miss Hilary and signal to your launch from somewhere, and try and make a clean get-away before they wake up to the fact that we've been here at all. We can do it if we're lucky. Let's try it anyway, unless anyone has a better scheme."

None had, so cautiously they backed away and, making a wide circle to the left, began to climb gradually rising ground, thickly wooded, until suddenly they came to an abrupt slope towering up for almost two hundred feet at a dangerous angle.

"Gee!" said Stone. "Can we make it?"

"Got to make it," said Shorty. "It runs too far to the left to waste time tryin' to outflank 'em by goin' around it, and I don't dare inch up any further on the right."

Battle-Ax Bob sized up the ascent with a practiced eye. "We can make it all right, sir. My whole troop did worse in Mindanao. There's plenty of footholds and handholds, only we'll have to leave some of the extree stuff behind."

"Won't need half of it anyway," said Shorty. "You people are outfitted like a traveling circus. Must have expected to supply a whole ship's crew. Just keep chow enough for one ration apiece—count in Miss Hilary—canteens, rifles, .45's, and ammunition. Chuck all the rest. We'll gamble on gettin' away before breakfast to-morrow—and if we don't it's good-by Dolly Gray anyway, and we won't be in a position to need 'em."

"If you've got anythin' done on that map, Hilary," said Stone, "just stuff the paper in your pocket. Leave the transit and case."

Lighted on of unnecessary equipment, they managed by dint of much exertion and hard work and many breathing spells to reach the top. But when they won to that elevation and looked down they could hardly realize that they had come up that difficult slope. They had made it in fairly quick time, too, led, exhorted, and sworn at by the indefatigable Shorty, who now at this stage of the game began to get excited over the operations, and, sentiment aside, was as usual glorying over the actual operations of war—he never let anything stop him once he got into action. His beady



eyes were snapping with excitement, and his bearing reminded one of a small electric generator developing more than enough current for its work and charging the air all about it with excess waves. Shorty's sparks of enthusiasm were certainly catching. The men, of course, were more than ready and full of eagerness to rescue Miss Hilary ("Do you think we'd let those blankety-blank Gu-gus have her?"), but when Shorty began to "feel" his coming fight he put something extra into them. Stone felt himself beginning to tingle all over with excitement, and the men, instead of lying down to die, as they might have done had Stone led them up that terrific ascent alone, simply took a deep breath and professed themselves instantly willing and ready to follow Shorty without resting.

"What is it?" thought Stone. "What makes him like that? Is it just some sort of chemical mixture, or is it soul, or both? Never saw a man yet that didn't feel waves comin' out of Shorty at one time or another. He's a wonder!"

The wonder led them first impetuously, then cautiously, to the right. Hilary was trembling and his knees were shaking as with ague.

"Poor yap!" thought Stone. "Thank God it's not my sister who's captured!"

"We ought to be well above those guards now," whispered Shorty to Stone, stopping suddenly. "Have the men get somethin' ready to gag 'em with, and pass the word for each two to pick a man, fall on him, gag, and tie him up before he can raise the long yell. You and I'll take one between us, too. Easy—quiet there—less noise, men. We want to come down on 'em like a ton of rock."

Imbued with Shorty's spirit, that was exactly what they did, and the surprised guards in front of the cave were quickly gagged with rather dirty handkerchiefs and bound up with tough creepers.

"Now set 'em up again," said Shorty. "One or two propped against the rock, so if the simple villagers look up all will seem to be in order. Drag the others inside the cave mouth." They entered the cave; dark and narrow was the passage.

"Got a light?" asked Shorty.

"Pocket lamp," said Stone.

"Better flash it."

The passage began to lead up steeply and precipitously. Bowlders and smaller stones had been arranged to help the ascent, but still it was quite a stiff climb, and ended more than a hundred feet above the level on which it began. Keyed up and full of expectation as they were, the men thought it would never end. Stone caught his breath. "This must have been a devil of a stiff climb for your sister," he said to Hilary.

Hilary assented in a hopeless manner. "And I'm afraid, too," he said, "we'll have worse trouble getting her down if we have to fight in a place like this!"

"Cheer up, hombre!" said Stone. "There may be another way out on the ocean side. It would be better in lots of ways."

"It would," grunted Shorty. "Close up. For'd!" and plunged into the passage ahead. Even this passage wasn't dead level, but sloped up at about a three per cent grade.

"We'll come out at the top of the world soon," thought Stone as he followed next to Shorty.

THERE was a glimmering of daylight ahead, the corridor widened, they broke into a double-quick, and charged precipitously into a great circular room with walls of solid rock. In the middle of the domed rock ceiling a small, square opening showed blue sky and shed light. The walls were daubed with crude drawings at intervals, and immediately opposite to them on the far side was a long altar—that Shorty afterward remarked only needed a foot rail to look exactly like a bar—with a rudely carved and painted image of some hideous heathen god squatting in the middle and holding in his hands a gilded sphere. At the right-hand end of the room, on a raised platform, was a huge, badly carved chair of heavy teak. But of Miss Hilary or of door or entrance to the room other than that by which they had entered there was no sign.

"Where the deuce is she?" cried Shorty.

At the sound of his voice a figure crept from behind the throne, then flashed across the space between them. "Captain Campbell! Soldiers! Oh, Fred!"

(To be concluded next week)

## The Price Knife and the Law

(Concluded from page 16)

sumer's point of view than the consumer himself. This he evidences by paying the particular price for the particular thing; if he is not satisfied with the thing, he will not buy it; if he is not satisfied with the price, he will not pay it. Other articles of the same kind are offered to him at other prices.

The consumer wants more than anything else a continuance of the American manufacturer's practice of attaching name or brand to products as a real token of good faith. He wants branded products kept up to standard so that he may know what he is buying when he buys in a competitive market. He does not want to penalize the manufacturer who meets those wishes, by allowing the big department store, the mail-order house, or the chain of stores to cut an honest trade to pieces by the piracy of "cut-price sales of well-known makers' products," and he does not want large retailers to use the price-knife weapon to kill off small retailers. Just now the consumers' point of view and the law's point of view are not in accord.

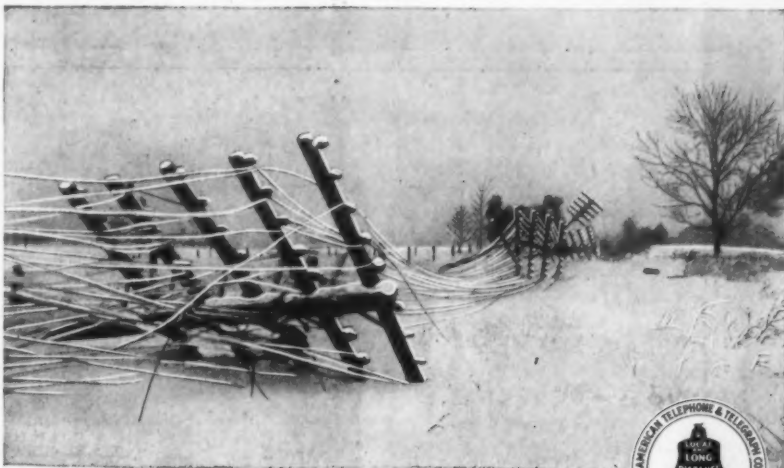
Three recent decisions of our courts on price cutting have achieved large importance. Two of these decisions were handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States. In the so-called "Santogen" case it was decided that a manufacturer of a patented article cannot fix the resale price of his article by notice. In the so-called "Doctor Miles' Remedy" case the court, to all intents and purposes, decided that the maker of a trademarked article cannot fix the resale price of his product by a valid contract.

The third decision was on the other side and was given by the Supreme Court

of the State of Washington in the case known as the "Fisher Flouring Mills" case. It sustained a contract fixing the reselling price of a branded article. Among other things the court said:

"The true competition is between rival articles, a competition in excellence, which can never be maintained if, through the perfidy of the retailer who cuts prices for his own ulterior purposes, the manufacturer is forced to compete in prices with goods of his own production, while the retailer recoups his losses on the cut price by the sale of other articles at, or above, their reasonable price. It is a fallacy to assume that the price cutter pockets the loss. The public makes it up on other purchases. The manufacturer alone is injured, except as the public is also injured through the manufacturer's inability, in the face of cut prices, to maintain the excellence of his product. Fixing the price on all brands of high-grade flour is a very different thing from fixing the price on one brand of high-grade flour. The one means destruction of all competition and of all incentive to increased excellence. The other means heightened competition and intensified incentive to increased excellence. It will not do to say that the manufacturer has not interests to protect by contract in the goods after he has sold them. They are personally identified and morally guaranteed by his mark and his advertisement."

It is this decision that best represents the interest of sound business methods, the interest of that vague domain which the courts call "public policy," and the interests of the consumers of the United States.



## The Telephone Emergency

THE stoutest telephone line cannot stand against such a storm as that which swept the Middle Atlantic coast early in the year. Poles were broken off like wooden toothpicks, and wires were left useless in a tangled skein.

It cost the telephone company over a million dollars to repair that damage, an item to be remembered when we talk about how cheaply telephone service may be given.

More than half of the wire mileage of the Bell System is underground out of the way of storms. The expense of underground conduits and cables is warranted for the important trunk lines with numerous wires and for the lines in the congested districts which serve a large number of people.

But for the suburban and rural lines reaching a scattered population and doing a small business in a large area, it is impracticable to dig trenches, build conduits and lay cables in order that each individual wire may be underground.

More important is the problem of service. Overhead wires are necessary for talking a very long distance. It is impossible to talk more than a limited distance underground, although Bell engineers are making a world's record for underground communication.

Parallel to the underground there must also be overhead wires for the long haul, in order that the Bell System may give service universally between distant parts of the country.

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## "A Man Would Die in the First Alcove"



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# Some Tire Troubles

## And How Goodyear Met Them

### Tires Too Costly

That is today's most common tire trouble. Sixteen makes cost more than Goodyear prices. A number cost one-third more. Unless *three* such tires outlast *four* Goodyears, that means an over-tax. And few will believe that any tire excels No-Rim-Cuts that far.

We met this price trouble through multiplied output, new machinery, new efficiency. And by paring down our profits. No-Rim-Cut tires cost half what they used to cost. Their prices dropped 28 per cent last year. Yet they embody, as always, the best we know.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Tires That Rim-Cut

Our statistics on such tires show that 31.8 per cent are discarded for rim-cuts only. That means that this one trouble, where it exists, adds nearly one-third to one's tire bills.

No-Rim-Cut tires never rim-cut—that we guarantee. And the time-tested method we use to prevent it is employed in no other tire.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Tires That Blow-Out

Most blow-outs are due to wrinkled fabric, buckled in the cure. This can be remedied by final-curing on air-filled fabric tubes. But the method is expensive.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which get this exclusive "On-Air" cure. It adds to our cost \$450,000 per year, but it prevents these needless blow-outs.

### Treads That Loosen

That's a very common cause of tire ruin. There is now a method to lessen this danger—to reduce it by 60 per cent. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed in the tire during vulcanization. We paid \$50,000 for control of this method, so Goodyears are the only tires which employ it.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Costly Anti-Skids

Many anti-skids have proved costly. Some soon wore down. Some caused vibration. Some centered strains at small points in the fabric. And some, when most needed, proved inefficient.

On Goodyears alone you find the All-Weather tread. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. It is flat and smooth-riding and regular. It spreads the strains like a plain tread. It grasps wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

\* \* \* \* \*

### High Cost Per Mile

We have kept scores of experts working for years to attain lowest cost per mile. Their efforts have cost us \$100,000 per year. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to compare in metered road tests. Now they all agree that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the present-day limit in this respect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those are the reasons why Goodyears rule Tiredom—why they outsell any other tire. And why, every month, they are winning legions from other tires to Goodyears.

If you suffer these troubles, and wish to combat them, Goodyear tires will do it. Any dealer will supply you. Just say you must have Goodyears.



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